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Chronicle

The War.—Operations on the west front have been almost entirely confined to artillery engagements, which have taken place at many points, but with especial intensity in Belgium, east of Dixmude, Ramscapelle, Pervyse, Steenstraete, Het Sas and Ypres; and in France, near Armentières, and in the Somme and Champagne sectors. North of Arras the British have had some slight success, and in the Verdun district the Germans have been on the offensive, but in neither case has anything important been accomplished.

The Central Powers are having continued success in Rumania. They are slowly but steadily forcing their way through the Carpathians, and following the Usul, Oituz, Putna and Zabala valleys, have reached the vicinity of Kotumba, Rosaca, Soveia and Odobesci. They have stormed the Rumanian positions between Tartaru and Rimniceni, and at one point north of Foscani have advanced to the Sereth. Southeast of Foscani, they have taken Olaneasca, Galianoa and Maxineni.

They have also completed the occupation of Dobrudja. Following up their successes south of the Danube, they drove the Rumanians and Russians into the northwest corner of the province, where they encountered strong resistance, especially before the towns of Macin and Jajila; they finally broke through their opponents' line, and forced them to abandon both places and retire across the Danube to Braila. This success gave them complete possession of Dobrudja, and enabled them to bring their guns to bear on Braila from the east, while at the same time they attacked it from the west and the southwest. When the city had been almost surrounded, the Rumanians evacuated it, and withdrew north of the Sereth River. The Central Powers followed them and have reached the south bank of the Sereth, close to its confluence with the Danube. Galatz is under artillery fire, but before it can be attacked by infantry, the Central Powers must cross either the Sereth or the Danube at a point north of the Sereth. In order to relieve the pressure on Rumania, Russia has assumed the offensive near Riga, but up to the present without marked success. She has also checked the Central Powers near Foscani, but has failed to stop their general advance.

France.—The principal work now being done in the military and economic branches of the Government is one of reorganization and preparation for the needs of the future. General Lyautey, Minister of War, is following the policy begun with the relieving of General Joffre

Reorganization and Preparation

of supreme command of the armies of France, and is constantly introducing new men into the higher commands. One of his first acts as Minister of War was the transfer of eleven generals to the reserve, promoting in their places younger officers who had made their mark in the recent fighting along the Somme and at Verdun. The same activity is noticed in other departments. Even though northern France is occupied by the enemy, well-laid plans for its reconstruction after the war have been worked out by a French Cabinet Committee. These plans embrace a carefully prepared program for the restoration of normal conditions immediately after peace is declared. Provisions are included for the return of refugees to the enemy-occupied districts as expeditiously as possible, prefects of the departments having already reported the number to be repatriated, and a system having been worked out for the return of those whose presence is an immediate necessity. A central labor bureau has been established in Paris to estimate the labor demand and supply. Prefects in the invaded district have been provided with funds with which to purchase agricultural machinery.

Germany.—The complete and accurate text of the widely-quoted speech of Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg before the Chief Committee of the Reichstag, in which the blame for the present war was laid directly upon Russia and indirectly upon England, has been made public

Who Began the War?

in the United States. To show the significance of the Russian mobilization the German Chancellor quoted the general instruction of the Russian Government which, he said, was issued in 1912 and still remained in force at the time of the mobilization. The following passage occurs in it: "It is ordered that the announcement of mobilization is at the same time an announcement of war against Germany." "In 1912, against Germany!" the

Chancellor exclaimed. The situation was thus described by him:

The act which made war inevitable was the Russian general mobilization, which was ordered on the night of July 30-31, 1914. Russia, England, France, and the entire world knew that this step must make further waiting impossible for us. Even in England people are beginning to understand the fateful significance of the Russian mobilization. The truth is coming to light. An English professor of world fame wrote some time ago that many people would think differently about the end of the war if they were better informed about its beginning, especially about the fact of the Russian mobilization.

Lord Grey, he continued, was not able to pass the Russian mobilization unnoticed in his speech, but sought to represent it as having taken place in response to a report that Germany had previously ordered a mobilization. "It took about two and a quarter years for Lord Grey to discover this interpretation, which is as new as it is objectively false." On July 30, 1914, in the early afternoon, the *Lokal-Anzeiger* had published a false report, in an extra edition, that the Emperor had ordered mobilization. The edition was promptly suppressed by the police. This unfounded report was telegraphed to Petrograd by the Russian Ambassador, who immediately sent another message canceling his first telegram, and in a third message stated that he had just been informed that the report was false. These messages are quoted by the Chancellor from the "Russian Orange Book." According to postal investigations they must have arrived in Petrograd almost simultaneously. "The Russian Government itself never had any idea of explaining its fateful step by appealing to the *Lokal-Anzeiger's* extra edition." To the news of the Russian mobilization Germany at first replied with the announcement of a state of affairs threatening danger of war, "which did not yet signify mobilization." The Chancellor referred to Germany's delay when the war seemed already inevitable and to her attempts to bring about mediation, to which the Vienna Cabinet was ready to consent. Against this he placed the assurance given by Viscount Grey to the Russian Ambassador, July 27, 1914, that the impression that England would remain quiet had been removed by the orders which "we gave to the first fleet." Information, the Chancellor added, was moreover sent by Lord Grey to the French Ambassador, July 29, of the warning given the German Ambassador at London that Germany must be prepared for England's participation in the war against her.

Could Lord Grey suppose that such a disclosure would serve peace? Must not France thereby have been encouraged to give Russia a promise of unconditional war support, which Russia had for days urgently demanded? Must not Russia have been strengthened to the utmost in her bellicose intention by the certainty of a Franco-British alliance? The Russian reply to Lord Grey's morning conversation was in fact not long in coming. On the evening of the same day, July 29, M. Sazonoff instructed the Russian Ambassador in Paris to express his sincere thanks for the declaration made to him by the French Ambassador that Russia could rely fully upon the support of her ally, France.

To prove that Belgium served merely as a pretext for

England's entrance into the war the Chancellor alluded to Lord Grey's explanation given to the French Ambassador, before a German soldier had set foot on Belgian soil: in case the German fleet should enter the Channel or pass from the North Sea with the intention of attacking the French coast, or the French fleet, or should "disturb" the mercantile fleet, the British fleet was to interfere in such a manner that a state of war would exist forthwith between England and Germany. "I repeat the word 'disturb,' gentlemen," the Chancellor said, and then added: "Can he who declares that our fleet's putting to sea would be a *casus belli* still seriously maintain that the violation of Belgian neutrality was the sole cause of England's entering the war against her will?" Had England answered Germany's request for a declaration of neutrality, he declared, the war would have been averted. "I ask who willed the war? We, who were prepared to give England every imaginable security for France and Belgium, or England, which declined all our proposals and refused even to indicate the way for the preservation of peace between our two nations?"

Great Britain.—Two striking addresses on the "boy problem," one by the Very Rev. J. Wright, Provincial of the English Jesuits, the other by Brother Finn Barr, B.A., have recently been published in the English Catholic press. The brother, speaking at the Manchester Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, told his hearers plainly that if the Catholic societies did not undertake to care for the boys and girls just out of school, the task would soon be placed in the hands of non-Catholic organizations, or be put under the direction of governmental agencies, in which religion would have a very small part. The Home Secretary had already appointed a committee to consider plans for State supervision, expressing at the same time his desire to strengthen, and co-operate with, every private agency working for the young. Catholics, unfortunately, had few such societies. Addressing a meeting at Birmingham, Father Wright, after calling attention to the "leakage" among boys and girls, said:

It can be laid down as a general statement that every parish must have some organization to deal with the boys and girls who have just left school, its object being to look after the spiritual and material welfare of these young people. The question of after-care is among the most vital of the day. The leakage caused by the number of young people who because of lack of this care fall away from the Faith is simply appalling, running into tens of thousands. No one can blame the work of the elementary schools, but in the great cities these boys and girls are exposed to temptations of a kind very difficult to withstand unless they have someone to whom they may turn for help and guidance.

Estimating the Catholic population of England and Wales at 1,375,000, Brother Finn Barr stated the persuasion of all Catholic social workers, that this number would be far larger had even sixty per cent of the boys

and girls, leaving school within the last ten years, remained faithful Catholics. Left largely to themselves in the shops or slums of the great cities, they had either fallen into evil ways or had left the Church under the influence of proselyting societies. Father Wright showed that in six parishes where a well-organized scheme of after-care was in force, more than seventy-six per cent "of what were waifs and strays were, at the end of the year, making the most satisfactory progress in every way." The Birmingham Conference voted to adopt an after-care system, under the direction of the local rectors, and it is hoped that the plan will soon be presented to all the Bishops, "to make the work national."

Ireland.—A great opportunity presents itself to Mr. Lloyd George and his principal lieutenants to deal justly and generously with Ireland. The solution of the Irish

The Irish Party's Resolutions question is an urgent necessity. The Irish Parliamentary Party forcibly emphasized this point in the resolutions which it adopted at its last meeting. The resolutions were as follows:

While the policy of this party in favor of the vigorous and successful prosecution of the war remains unchanged, we await the declaration of the Irish policy of the new Government before deciding on our future attitude toward it.

We feel it our duty to impress again upon the Government and the British people that as long as Ireland is denied full self-government, and is held under a system of martial law, with hundreds of Irishmen imprisoned without trial, she must remain a source of weakness and danger, instead of being, as she undoubtedly would be, one of the most powerful sources of strength to the Empire in this crisis.

That we feel bound to renew our warning that any attempt to enforce conscription in Ireland would immediately produce disastrous and far-reaching results, and would, in our judgment, gravely interfere with the successful conduct of the war. That, holding this conviction, we shall resist by every means in our power, any proposal involving the application of conscription to Ireland which may be introduced in the House of Commons.

A committee was appointed to consider the question of increased food-production and the safeguarding of food supplies in the country.

Mexico.—The Mexican Church is still violently persecuted by Carranza and his satellites. Some

Carranza and the Church idea of present conditions may be had from the following abstracts from letters recently received:

Of 300 priests in this diocese twenty died this past year, many of them victims of typhus caught in attendance on the sick. But the greatest difficulty is that the seminary, as well as all the seminaries in Mexico, is suppressed and the students, more than 300, are dispersed; the library, one of the best in Mexico, has been looted, and the buildings have been confiscated. Yesterday a priest wrote me from a Mexican gunboat which is carrying him to Tres Marias, where the penal colony is. The only charge against him is that he taught some boys catechism, in the church. He was not called before a court or a judge, but was simply cast into prison. The poor man is now nearly sixty years old and is suffering from diabetes.

A second letter says:

On December 12, the great holyday in Mexico, the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, there was no Mass in Queretaro. The day before Carranza sent out many invitations to a banquet: few attended, and he asked the reason. One of his followers replied: "Everyone is engaged in foolish devotions in preparation for the feast." Carranza immediately ordered the churches to be closed, and there were no evening services. The following day the people surrounded the closed edifices and many stayed on till the late afternoon, when Carranza ordered the soldiers to clear the streets and squares in the vicinity of the churches. Immediately there was a tumult and Carranza, fearing a riot, ordered the churches to be opened, but it was now seven o'clock in the evening.

A third communication reads in part:

The Carranzistas have heard that our Archbishop has found his way into the State and they have sent soldiers in all directions to arrest him. We hope that the good man won't be caught: pray for him.

Other communications speak of social and economic conditions. One letter written in Mexico City by a foreigner reads:

A congress of Carranzistas only is deliberating over a new constitution, as if a Mexican constitution were anything but a scrap of paper. Meantime the economic status of the country is rapidly degenerating. It will interest you to know that dispatches from Queretaro to the Mexico City papers report that all the churches of the former city were closed recently.

Another correspondent writes:

The director of the Bank of London, the largest bank but one in the country, refused to hand over to Carranza 8,000,000 pesos of gold and silver bullion deposited in the vaults of the institution. Arrests immediately followed. The director and his clerks were cast into an improvised prison. The British Government protested and Carranza offered to release the director. He refused to leave, unless his clerks were set free also. This was finally done. A most interesting piece of information has been suppressed here. The young son of Don Alberto Garcia Granados who was so brutally executed by Carranza in August, 1915, made an attempt on the First Chief's life in Queretaro, but inflicted a flesh wound only. The boy was caught and instantly shot.

Sad Mexico is surely groaning under a tyrant's heel. Meanwhile Carranza continues to flout the United States; the protocol remains unsigned by him, and the Administration papers which, some time ago, proclaimed that Mr. Wilson actually intended to take action, if Carranza did not come to terms, have suddenly changed their tune and are pleading for the recall of the United States troops, so that Mexico "can work out her high destiny, in perfect freedom." The New York *Evening Sun* of January 6 had this admirable summary of our negotiations with Mexico:

First was tried the plan of blaming the losing side; Huerta clung to power long enough to put the Wilson policy to ridicule. Next came the inspiration of seizing Vera Cruz, a step which ended in a halt as soon as the sanguinary opposition of the Mexicans came to be realized. The policy of favoring one side with ammunition via the border broke down when the favored side split into factions, on the morrow of its victory, and when both factions defied the United States. Next in order came the plan of forgetting all about Mexico and thinking pleasant thoughts. Villa put an end to that by raiding Columbus. The

course remained open to catch Villa alive or dead, but the difficulties of the trail checkmated this plan in turn. Finally it came down to guarding the United States border and letting Mexico go to perdition in its own way; the difficulties over the militia sent this plan eventually more or less to grief. The Mexican Conference was the latest of these variegated stratagems. Can it have shared the common fate of all preceding expedients? Carranza's reply would so indicate.

It would be rash to say that some other way, yet untried, may not yet suggest itself to Mr. Wilson's ingenious mind. In the meantime a note to Carranza would be serviceable in tiding the whole great Mexican annoyance over for a fortnight or so.

Just how all this will end, it is, at present, difficult to see.

Rome.—The following extracts from the allocution delivered by the Holy Father at the recent Consistory will serve as an answer to those who have frequently complained that the Pope was afraid

*The Pope Condemns
Injustice*

from political and worldly motives to express himself clearly and unmistakably on the great issues of the war. They are taken from the translation, in *Rome*, of the official document. After speaking of the great work of the codification of canon law, and thanking Cardinal Gasparri for his noble share in the completion of the task, the Pope says:

It is a fact that in any human society and in the international domain itself, that where the observance of law flourishes, there reign prosperity and peace; while, on the other hand, where the authority of law is not recognized, or even contemned, and discord and arbitrariness prevail, there all public and private right is thrown into confusion. This is confirmed . . . by what is happening today. The horrible madness of the conflict which is devastating Europe shows too clearly to what slaughter and ruin the disrespect for the supreme laws which regulate the relations between States, may lead. In this general convulsion of peoples, we behold in one place the vile treatment inflicted on sacred things and on ministers of worship, even of high dignity, although both the former and the latter should be inviolable by divine law and the law of nations; in another, numerous peaceable citizens taken away from their homes amid the tears of mothers, wives, children; in another, open cities and undefended populations made victims, especially of aerial raids; everywhere on land and sea, such misdeeds perpetrated as fill the soul with horror and anguish. While We deplore this mass of evils and while We again condemn the injustices that are committed in this war, everywhere and by whomsoever they are perpetrated, We express the hope . . . that as with the promulgation of the Code a happier and more tranquil era will, as We trust, dawn for the Church, so for civil society, with the restoration of order, through respect for justice and right, the dawn of the long-desired peace may shine forth as soon as possible, bringing all prosperity to the people again united in friendship.

In every Christian heart the words of the Holy Father will find a responsive echo. Such at least is the opinion of Cardinal Amette, who on his return to France from Rome spoke with great vigor of the Pope's allocution. The Cardinal was particularly happy to be able to declare that the enemies of the Church were wrong in judging that the Holy Father was indifferent to the sufferings of the people at war. For, continued His Eminence, Benedict XV reprobated all that is

unlawful. Referring to Cardinal Mercier's demand that all who hold a pen or yield authority should give expression to their indignation at the way in which Belgium has been treated, Cardinal Amette exclaimed: "Very eminent and venerated colleague, you may be satisfied. The Vicar of Christ has responded to your appeal and sanctioned it."

Spain.—According to the reports of the United States Consul-General, Carl Bailey Hurst, of Barcelona, the Spanish Government has just enacted a law whereby it

*The Government and
the Food Problem*

is hoped that the many problems arising from the scarcity and high price of provisions will be solved. By the law of February 18, 1915, the Spanish Government was authorized to take certain measures in connection with the provisioning of the country with alimentary substances of first necessity, and of raw materials, both in the interests of the national food supply and of manufacture and agriculture. These measures were temporary and, in view of the continuation of the war, the law, limited to twelve months, was extended until February 19, 1917. According to Consul Hurst, the circumstances under which the law was drawn still exist and show no signs of change. The difficulties of provisioning the country have increased and the Government finds that in order to meet the situation, its powers must be extended.

The new law embodies the provisions of the law of February 18, 1915, and authorizes in addition the acquisition by the Treasury of alimentary substances and raw materials and their sale at regulated prices. If conditions warrant, the Government may seize and appropriate the articles mentioned and fix their price as well as that of their transportation by land and water. Cereals and fuel may be distributed throughout the kingdom, in whatever manner considered best, and when the interests of the country demand, contracts may be suspended. Extraordinary powers are given to the Government to meet the crisis. Mines, gas-works, and all fuel-producing establishments may be seized, if other means fail to bring about normal quotations for their products. The Government may seize Spanish vessels with the object of restoring them to the domestic service. It may regulate freights, and suspend the law which reserves the coastwise trade of Spain to vessels of Spanish construction under the Spanish flag. In all cases of seizure the owners will be indemnified.

A board consisting of the civil governor of the province, the president of the court, a delegate from the Treasury, and the mayor of the capital of the province, in accord with the town-council of the interested municipalities, shall decide on the necessity of seizure and appropriation of provisions and the occupation of any premises. The price of merchandise and the amount of indemnification shall be fixed by the governor of the province, the chambers of agriculture or of commerce.

An Exodus of Colored Folk

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

THE European war has flung a liberal share of its influence into American affairs, big and small. Sometime ago George Kibbe Turner described how it obtruded itself even upon a New York studio and, with the prongs of poverty, goaded a clean-minded little model on to the sale of body and soul for a dinner and a dress. But since the memorable winter of 1914, the digits of Mars have generally refrained from mischief in our regard, and have indulged in dropping on these shores the material favors torn from the Continent. As usual, such terrestrial blessings bear some spiritual significances: one of these seems to concern the Afro-Americans of the United States.

The promise of shorter hours and longer pay-envelopes is luring them in great numbers from the land of cotton to the industry-booming North. It is said that 500,000 have crossed the Mason-Dixon line in the past six months.

By this shift of a notable section of the colored race from the Protestant South to northern cities where Catholicism is vigorous, the work of evangelization is brought nearer our doors and rendered easier. When Herbert Cardinal Vaughan visited this country in the seventies, he fired the enthusiasm of Catholics for the American negro's spiritual needs by declaring: "The branch torn away from the parent stem in Africa by our ancestors was carried to America, carried away by Divine permission in order that it might be engrafted upon the Tree of the Cross. It will return, in part, to its own soil, not by violence or deportation, but willingly and borne upon the wings of faith and charity." These words may perhaps be as aptly applied to the present exodus of our colored brethren. Is it the finger of God that is directing a large portion of the race to the North? Why not? Divine Providence flows through natural or secondary causes.

By coming into centers of warm Catholicism, negroes may catch the sacred fire; and when the abnormal prosperity of our factories ceases with the struggle across the seas, many of the wanderers will likely revert to the South, for which nature has better suited them, bearing back the gift of the true Faith. Each returned dusky convert will be a missionary in his own way, and do much towards bringing the toil of the priests in the southern field to surer issues.

The Church has been interested in the colored man for decades and has done what she could for him. But difficulties have crowned her desires with thorns. Except around the Gulf Coast, the South, in which 9,000,000 of our present negro population live and thrive, has discountenanced Catholicism from the start. Virginia, the

Carolinas, and Georgia, in colonial times seethed with anti-Catholic sentiment. The cession by France to Protestant England of all the territory east of the Mississippi (Treaty of Paris, 1763) was seismic to early Catholic enterprise in the region west of the Alleghanies. The religious status of the negro on the eve of the Civil War was precisely what one would expect: of the 4,500,000 souls in slavery, ninety-five per cent were non-Catholic, and such as had any religion at all, had for the most part a grotesque copy of that of their masters.

The situation naturally has been increasingly rosy since the days of the blue and the gray. A year after Lee's surrender at Appomattox, the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore addressed instructions to the Bishops anent the treatment and care of the emancipated. The latter being open to evangelization, the Bishops cried out for shepherds. Of course the call could not be answered in the distressed South with its always slender quota of Catholics, and the North had more spiritual needs than clergymen to supply them. So the prelates had to waft their apostolic petition across the Atlantic. It was received and responded to by a modest number of European priests.

The Second Plenary Council of Baltimore begged and besought, *per viscera misericordiae Dei*, priests to devote their influence, their time, themselves, if possible, to the Afro-American cause; while the Third Plenary Council, at which presided his Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, whom the late Booker T. Washington denominated "the greatest friend of the negro in America," addressed itself to the rectors of seminaries and bade them foster vocations for the missions.

In 1871, Cardinal Vaughan brought four priests from Mill Hill, England, to America. Up to 1887, the English institution continued to supply our land with missionaries. But since 1892, Catholic America has had a community of her own exclusively devoted to the colored man's spiritual welfare: Saint Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart. Its efforts today are exercised in fourteen dioceses in the South.

The Jesuits have been in Maryland since early days. Theirs is the credit of having kept Catholic that segment of the race which enjoyed the Faith even before the war. The Society of the African Missions labors in Georgia; that of the Divine Word, in Mississippi and Arkansas; the Benedictines, in Louisiana; the Holy Ghost Fathers, in Virginia.

Some decades ago, an episcopal commission, headed by Cardinal Gibbons, began to gather funds for the work of negro evangelization. It has been able to bestow about \$100,000 per annum on this worthy apostolate.

These few cursory details suffice at least to evince that the Church has frankly faced and consistently coped with the problem of converting the negro. That she has not accomplished more is forgotten in the surprise that, under the circumstances, she has effected so much. The strongest *impasse* to her success has been the lodgment of the bulk of the race in the sparsely Catholicized South. It requires a struggle for the flower of faith to sprout and expand in an intensely Protestant atmosphere.

The present advent of colonies of negroes to the North will affect the Church's plan in more ways than one. Doubtless, to prevent the exodus from being excessive, Southern capitalists will enlarge the wages of their colored employees; this will place the decencies of existence more firmly in the hitherto badly-paid-at-best negro's hand and likely better dispose his soul to turn from the more sordid things of life to the straight and narrow path which Protestantism has somewhat widened for his convenience but which Catholicism has not changed and cannot. Till now it has been hard for him to answer the missionary's call to a higher faith and morality, with economic conditions chaining him to extreme lowliness.

Especially is it to be hoped that, while the Church's work in the South is prospering indirectly through the industrial migration of negroes, a corresponding success may obtain in the North. There is no Christian reason why the Afro-Americans who are now pouring into our cities should not be well received by the Catholic clergy and laity. No opportunity should be lost, nor effort spared, to bring as many of them as possible into articulation with the truths and practices of our holy Faith. They need only to know the verities and beauties of Catholicism to be captivated by them; and the present is affording the Church one of those golden evangelical occasions for which she has been praying since the First Plenary Council of Baltimore.

Can northern priests fail to take prompt and earnest advantage of this new and unique possibility of performing a truly apostolic work within their own parishes? Can northern Catholics neglect to do their individual and collective utmost towards opening up the Faith to those who now, in a truer sense than ever before, stand at the door and knock? Shall we allow a glittering opportunity of demonstrating the catholicity of Catholicism to slip idly through our fingers? The new year will answer.

American "Animalaria"

JOHN B. KENNEDY, B.A.

IF you abuse the age in which you live people will call you a moralist, meaning, by that term, one who interprets spiritual pessimism from the signs of material optimism. But it is precisely when the tangible things of earth are multiplying that wisdom will check the value of bulk in proportion to final utility; that the voice of the moral appraiser will be heard, low, but insistent in the wilderness of wealth.

Current economic symptoms are good and promising; the country is prosperous. Yet the belief of many philosophic ingénues, who imagined that our tremendous exports of munitions to Europe might be favorably balanced by large importations of war-inspired morality, is fruitless. It would be inaccurate to say that we, as a nation, are retrograding: whatever moral zenith we might have attained is too remote and indefinite to serve as a mark for declension. But there can be no question that we are declining. If Americans were anything but a young and egregiously vigorous people the dread sentence would have to be uttered that we are decaying. The signs about us would say as much if New York were Paris or London; if Chicago were Manchester or Marseilles. Restrict that opprobrious fungi, yclept "gay life," to certain sections of a metropolis, and the damage to public welfare is minimum. They seem to have had sense enough to do this in Europe; it is the fruit of experience. But with us the "gay" or "good time" ideal of existence

does not stop at the seasonable English "bank-'oliday" or French "carnival," but it influences the physical and mental life of every day.

Examine the first comprehensive news stand, for there will be found indices to the American *zeitgeist*. Prurient art, literary and otherwise, we have always had with us; but never in such varied degrees, or bold show of demand and supply. Magazine covers have evolved from the inane prettinesses of a decade ago to frank aphrodisiacs, which cover yards of more or less clever words wound around slimy themes, appealing chiefly to those multitudes of inadequate young people who reply to advertisements that promise the transmission of commodities "in plain wrappers." This deluge of pornography has not yet reached its height and there is no knowing what infamies will be committed before officialdom begins to take measures to stay the flood. Naturally there is a growing taste for this stuff, for evil appetite was never yet known to abate by indulgence. The editor of a well-known weekly paper told the writer that from experiments he had made with salacious covers to test their value as circulation aids, he had concluded that their effect was, in that respect, beneficial. Portraits of a girl in scanty costume and immodest attitude will sell a publication, will produce a deceptive prosperity; but the publishers, if they are not merely procurers in the moral sense, will soon realize that an option arises: they must

either cut out the canker or become frank caterers to depravity. There is money and much of it in "piquant" story-writing, picture-painting, and magazine-publishing; but once an artist or publisher stoops to it he will become rapidly ensnared and quite incapable of any better work.

This decadent journalism is only one of the symptoms that serve to illustrate our condition. The stories and the pictures, and the prominently displayed divorce and other "spicy" news items do their share towards supplying the demand which indiscreet editors and artists have themselves helped to create. However, a score of other signs can be selected from the surface of daily life. Advertising of low, and sometimes of aristocratic type, does not overlook the value of sex interest as a magnet. One does not have to be the unfortunate possessor of an abnormal fancy to perceive the suggestiveness of "snappy" phrases and "smart" pictures. The writers and designers of these things usually leave little room for misapprehension. It is the rare wayfarer, and unobservant, who cannot see enough evidence in half a mile of city streets to strike him with the fear that if Europe has gone to the dogs of war America is rapidly succumbing to that demon of prosperous peace—the wretched, insidious, cankerous, shameless apotheosis of sex.

The extent to which unscrupulous dollar-hunters exploit the awakening curiosity of youth, the maturing interest of those in or about the twenties, and the occasional aberrations of middle and even old-aged folks is alarming, but remediable. Although the middle and old-aged are nearer the great decision of eternity we can afford to be less concerned with them because in their spasms of what the world calls "gaiety" they are chiefly ludicrous. But if posterity is to inherit anything better than an appetitive outlook on life from the present generation some reform will certainly have to be forthcoming. Legal criminals we are not, to any worse degree than our forbears; but a large proportion of young people are reaching a condition which somebody with a fine sense of real ethical disgust has appropriately termed "moral leprosy."

We are becoming a very smart and well-appearing race. Our young women are generally piquant, and, as a rule, try to render themselves alluring. Attires and airs that would have been deemed risqué on the stage of thirty years ago are now merely the fashion of the public thoroughfare. Old-fashioned ideals of femininity are buried with our grandams: the young woman of today is willing to make physiognomy the plenary test of her value to society. The average young man, too befogged by an admixture of half-passions with lukewarm precepts to form disinterested judgment, is victimized by his own acquired idealism, and pays instant homage to the first fair face in view, without regard for consequences.

Some few years ago the man who made his doctor

and his lawyer arbiters of his conduct was regarded as a callous materialist. This blasé subjection of conscience, and the luxurious environment it implies, is the acme of success in the eyes of a good proportion of today's young men. If one man in a restaurant calls another a liar he will probably be stabbed with a blunt dinner-knife, yet both gentlemen, previous to the affray, might have amicably exchanged their sensual experiences and prospects. Such is modern morality, a perversity which surely amuses Satan and his staff; as much as any other phase of modern life.

When Mr. Kipling jocularly stated that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male" all the world enjoyed the joke because it was a joke on the world. His comparison was printed on postcards, quoted by everybody, everywhere, laughed at, snickered over, and paraphrased by the thousand feculent wits who inhabit grill rooms and other conversational no-man's lands. Yet Mr. Kipling said a very serious thing: he summarized a condition that has been brought about by male profligacy and female passivity. With any interdependent beings it is true that one affinity will grow more deadly as the other becomes less lively. Men, by dint of persevering vice, have suppressed the association of moral evil with physical good, and do not always modify their desire for physical good when that is attached to a risk, and even a certainty of physical evil. Women—thank Heaven, not all of them!—seem to be gratified by their glorification; good looks are assets *par excellence*, and the dressmaker and the druggist are the gods of good living.

This is our *ethos*, voluptuousness on a business basis. Socio-psychologists, "new women," eugenists, and the *et cetera* of semi-sincere world-revivers realize the raging "animalaria" with which the times are plagued. They have their nostrums, galore. Abolish, they say, the single standard of morality, and give us—what?—a double one. As though the Sixth Commandment is inadequate! Give women equal political rights with men. As though that will mend male morality. Teach sex hygiene in the schools. And have precious, bepowdered schoolgirls, and that devil's fallow-field, a whispering boy!

Oh, the aftermath of our wretched materialism is coming, and apace! It would come faster were there not at least some decent people in the world, and some holy ones out of it, fasting and praying, and working, proving that men and women can conquer concupiscence. Our flesh is weak, very weak, and it is to be feared that, even among enlightened people, the spirit to rise up and protest against the manners of the day is not efficaciously willing. Animalaria, the satisfaction of sense and the lower mental appetites for possession and position, is the disease of the day: the bacilli are abundant. Who among the double-column, line-cut reformers, so numerous just now, ever mentions religion as prophylactic and remedy?

Debts Amusing and Protestant

ROMILLY THORNTON

THERE are pleasant and unpleasant ways of paying a debt. Even among savage tribes it seems to be a well-established belief that the mere return of the subject-matter of a debt does not quite discharge it. A little courtesy must be added to the sum-total to demonstrate if possible the honest borrower's opinion that a debt can never be wholly measured by a material commodity. And as there are pleasant ways of paying debts so there are pleasant and unpleasant ways of not paying them. Some people have reduced the non-payment of debts to a positive science. They have ways of forgetting, a system of classified excuses and, if the worst comes to the worst, the more daring among them will repudiate the obligation, violently or cheerfully, according to the degree of security the circumstances afford. Altogether these blithe spirits do everything they can to make it plain that there are divers and sundry unpleasant ways of not paying debts.

Let us go forth with our lantern now and as an offset to so much iniquity try to discover what nearly everyone would like to know, if there are any really pleasant, safe, and possibly amusing ways of not paying a debt at all. One way is to die and leave your creditor in the lurch, that is if dying in your case is safe, pleasant and amusing. Another way is to live on, to see the sun rise and hear the birds sing and never be able to carry back to your benefactor the principal, interest and courtesy you owe him, but to go to him nevertheless and nothing extenuate but let him know the truth. That is the only pleasant way of not paying a debt. And yet in an Indian bazaar where human nature is understood to a nicety, the most suspicious-looking people are often importuned to accept goods on credit. "Take, Sahib," a dealer will say, holding forth a pigeon's-blood ruby or a cat's-eye, "take and pay when Allah wills. Only take." How keenly alive they are to the great truth that an account is always balanced whether it is paid or not and that failure to pay a debt often enriches the creditor and leaves the debtor poor indeed!

Of amusing ways however there are plenty. Mistress Lex, it is true, is usually on the creditor's side, but debtors, if they are but debtors enough, are fairly safe with her. It seems to be almost a wise dispensation of privileges that makes the debtor the *arbiter elegantiarum* when debtors and creditors meet, which as we all know is seldom enough. If there is one law more than another that sensitive debtors insist upon it is that which declares it to be bad form for a mere creditor to speak of debts in a debtor's presence. An infraction of this rule in what we may, if we are very choice, call "mixed assemblies," has often had the effect of rousing a high-strung debtor to a very prudential pitch, and this idiosyncrasy of debtors has often no doubt, in turn, had its calming influence on equally sensitive and nervous creditors.

All these of course are the veriest commonplaces of the great tradition, yet the ideal creditor—there are no ideal borrowers, alas!—while acting in accordance with them seems to be scarcely aware of their existence. Such a one appears not to know that he has been borrowed from; he obeys the Biblical injunction, giving his cloak where he has already bestowed his purse. He does not call in his loans, by proxy or otherwise. He has unlimited capital, you say? Either that or unlimited trust. We sometimes hear it said that such and such a one has impoverished himself by giving and lending without return. Never believe it. It has never yet happened that one who gave liberally, but not foolishly, has languished without return. The more you give the more you are able to give. People have become poor because they bought bad bargains, not because they gave anything away.

Something of this liberal reward for charity seems to be the good fortune of the Catholic Church. Her debtors have not impoverished her. Her aisles are not empty but thronged today as never before in her history. The greatest creditor of humanity in the world demands no restitution and calls in no loans. She sends a ton of coal to a poor man's house today; tomorrow a great banker builds her a church. She comforts a rich woman in her distress and tomorrow a widow leaves her pence at the door. The little shop-girl to whom she gives an unsullied faith brings her a white rose as an offering to the Virgin Mother of God; an artist to whom she gave the first inspiration paints her a picture; a poet, like Dante, sings her a song.

But, as we have seen, there are debtors and debtors, those who pay what they owe and those who do not pay what they owe. The pilgrim who wends his way towards the charming grotto of Notre Dame de Lourdes in New York City can scarcely avoid seeing an enormous unfinished structure of stone. Seen from a little distance, through a half light, it appears not unlike a Catholic cathedral. None but a Catholic master builder designed the model of those mighty arches. None but the Catholic Faith inspired those buttressed walls, that firm foundation and that lofty rounded dome. A girdle of Catholic chapels clings to its eastern face and high above them an angel with a trumpet is apparently committed to the task of summoning all Harlem to prayer. A mighty structure this, and one that is taking years in the making. One wonders what it can be, since one sees in the end that it is entirely lacking in humility, the kind of humility that was the glory of Reims, and understands in consequence that it can hardly be a Catholic church. But if the external resemblance is almost strong enough to deceive a pilgrim, it may be taken for granted that there are points of resemblance within as well, that the whole building, inside and out, though Protestant of purpose, is borrowed from Catholic sources. And when it is finished and becomes the home of whatever faith it is designed to shelter, a precious faith to many, since millions are being lavished

upon it, it will be found that all that it has, has been borrowed from the Catholic Church. It is a mighty fane that structure of stone, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine,

but to the humble pilgrim coming out of the little grotto of Notre Dame it seems to be built upon borrowed spiritual capital,—it is the shrine of an unpayable debt.

The Human Mind and Its Faculties

MICHAEL MAHER, S.J., M.A., D.Lit.

WHAT is psychology? The old view, still usually adopted by Catholic writers, is that it is the philosophical science of the human mind or soul. According to that view its business is to study carefully the mind's operations and then from the knowledge of these to rise to an understanding of the nature of the mind itself. Both topics have much interest for us, but the latter especially carries us into the region of philosophy. What is the nature of the human soul? What are its relations with the body? What is its origin? And what is its destiny? These are questions of transcendent importance; and if any information can be procured in regard to them, apart from what may be afforded by revelation, it must be through a careful investigation of the operations of the soul. We learn the inner constitution of a being from its action. According to the old philosophical adage, *actio sequitur esse*. Its activity flows from and reveals the nature of an agent.

But first, what precisely is meant by the terms, mind and soul, which we have been using as equivalent? By the mind is to be understood the ultimate principle within me by which I think, feel and will; whilst the soul is defined as the principle which informs or animates my body and is the source of my vegetative, sentient and rational life. The two names thus designate the same object, but whereas "soul" refers to it as the root of all forms of life, "mind" more especially connotes that of consciousness. The establishment of the truth that in man the ultimate source of consciousness and of all the other vital activities is one and the same, and further that this is a simple, or indivisible, spiritual principle, distinct from the body, is the final outcome of philosophical psychology.

Our chief instrument in studying the facts out of which psychology is built, is our power of introspection. The facts themselves are our mental states. They differ in a very remarkable way from the facts of all physical sciences, such as chemistry, physiology or astronomy. The subject-matter of these sciences are visible or palpable changes or movements of material bodies; these occupy space, and they continue to exist and act when neither perceived nor thought about. But the facts which the psychologist has to investigate are states of consciousness, sensations, thoughts, feelings and volitions. They are evidently not material substances. They neither occupy space, nor possess weight. They are not indestructible. Nevertheless, they are facts as genuine as any in the

physical universe. Indeed, in a certain sense, they are even more indisputable. For whilst idealist philosophers have boldly denied the extra-mental existence of the material world, not even the most extravagant skeptics question the reality of our mental states themselves.

Psychology, like every other science, starts by sorting out and classifying the phenomena with which it has to deal. And from the earliest times it has been customary to divide our mental states into a small number of groups ascribed to certain powers or faculties of the mind. The briefest observation of our mental life reveals two forms of consciousness fundamentally diverse, which are styled cognitive and appetitive activity, or knowing and willing. In the first we represent objects in a psychical or ideal manner within us. In the second, we strive after the possession of some object apprehended as desirable. Continued examination leads to further subdivision. Seeing, hearing, touch, taste and smell, are different kinds of cognition attached to different bodily organs. This fact is expressed in the familiar scheme of five senses, or faculties of sense-perception. Distinct from these is the mind's capacity for picturing absent objects and also of recalling and recognizing past experiences. Those capabilities have been called the faculties of imagination and memory. Finally, careful investigation of the character of cognitive activity exerted in reasoning, judgment and the apprehension of abstract and universal concepts shows that it differs essentially from sensuous cognition. The capacity of the mind for these higher functions has been termed the faculty of intellect.

During the past century violent attacks have been made by some writers on the doctrine of mental faculties. Their objections whilst often mutually conflicting commonly agree in accusing those psychologists who adopt the doctrine of faculties, of dismembering or splitting up the mind into separate agents. In general, their objections are based on misconception and misrepresentation of what is meant by faculties. A brief word, therefore, on this current error may be useful.

By a faculty, or power (*potentia*) of the mind, is to be understood the mind's capability of undergoing a particular kind of activity. It is not to be conceived as a part of the soul physically distinct from other parts, nor as a member diverse from it as limbs are from the body. Neither is any faculty a separate entity, agent or independent reality which originates conscious states out of itself. A mental faculty considered as a potential

source of spiritual activity is really identical with the mind itself. It may be formally defined as the proximate ground in the soul of some special mode of activity. It is the one simple soul which acts through all its faculties. Their operations are merely partial energizings of the one, same indivisible soul. Such is the testimony of our inner conscious experience, when most carefully scrutinized. The acts, "I know," and "I will," introspection assures me, are radically diverse forms of consciousness exerted by the same indivisible mind. But this is equivalent to saying that my mind possesses at least two distinct faculties. What degree of diversity of consciousness justifies the assumption of distinct faculties and what may be their number is a question of classification and not easy to determine, but that the mind possesses faculties in the above sense cannot be disputed by any one who admits the existence of the human mind as a real permanent being.

But there is a theory as to the nature of the mind assumed in many popular text-books of psychology to which the above notion of faculties is necessarily repugnant. According to that hypothesis the human mind itself is nothing more than a series of mental states, a stream of feelings, thoughts and volitions. There is no permanent underlying being which is the subject of these states, no real abiding agent which is the source and author of these activities. In such a view there is evidently no place for faculties, just because there is no persisting mind of which they are the properties. This point is usually not obtruded on the reader's notice; but it should be clearly recognized. It is in fact a choice illustration of "clandestine" metaphysics. Even the most professedly positivist or empiricist treatment of psychology cannot avoid the assumption of some philosophical theory as to the nature of the mind, especially when criticizing other theories. What is most regrettable is that such assumptions are kept out of sight. Were they candidly stated the reader could then fairly appreciate the whole position. Here the situation is now plain. The accusation of dismembering and dissolving the mind into fragments may be justly made not against those who teach the doctrine of an abiding indivisible mind endowed with diverse faculties, but against those who adopt, though in less crude language, the theory of Hume that the mind in itself is merely "a bundle of perceptions which succeed each other in a perpetual flux." These are the true disruptionists.

A Coming Tercentenary Celebration

THOMAS F. MEEHAN

A WRITER in the *Catholic Historical Review* for October, who recently visited Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, and St. Mary's City, Maryland, draws "a contrast, a sad and pathetic contrast," between his experiences at these places. He found at Plymouth that plans are already under way for a grand celebration, in 1920, of the tercentenary of "the landing."

The relics of the Mayflower's passengers are preserved there with veneration, and even the boys "offering themselves as guides know the local history well and tell it with evident pride." But at St. Mary's

There was none [of all this]. A female academy built about 1843, a single house—the home of the Episcopal minister, the Episcopal cemetery and Trinity church—a small brick building, in the midst of the graves, made up the present settlement. . . . Not a trace remained of this first English Catholic city of the New World.

Through the courtesy of a niece of James Walter Thomas, the local historian, the investigator was able to trace out and discover

the spot where Leonard Calvert's home once stood. The grist-mill, the jail, and the plot where the Catholic church and cemetery were once established—not a trace of anything remains. . . . The Calvert monument erected by the State of Maryland in 1890, on what is presumably the Calvert grave, has not a sign or mark about it to distinguish the Catholic associations of the place.

And all this in "Catholic Maryland." Notwithstanding the fact that our Catholic title-deeds run back to the earliest days of the discoverers, we are notably lacking in the "monuments" establishing them. Baltimore and Bardstown have their cathedrals; New Orleans, the Ursuline convent; St. Augustine, the old chapel; Philadelphia has old St. Joseph's in Willing's Alley and St. Mary's with its tombs of Revolutionary celebrities. Here in New York there are the graves about old St. Patrick's; yet only a short time ago it was seriously proposed to root them up to give place to a "memorial tower."

"Old St. Peter's," New York's first Catholic church, is a comparatively modern structure, dating only from 1838, when it replaced the original building. Not long since it was officially announced from Rome that the formal procedure for the beatification of the martyr Father Isaac Jogues, S.J., had begun. He was the first priest to visit New York. That was in 1643. Maimed and suffering from the horrible tortures he had endured at the hands of the barbarous Mohawks, he was received here with honor by Governor Kieft, and the famous Calvinist minister, Dominie Megapolensis, took him to his home for a month and helped him back to health and strength. How many of the 2,000,000 Catholics now in New York could tell where the Megapolensis home was? It should be a hallowed spot for Catholic New York. It is in Old St. Peter's parish, near to the place where, on December 17, Bishop Hayes dedicated the new Maronite church in which Mass is celebrated daily in Syriac. When Father Jogues came to New York he found only two Catholics here, a young Irishman and a Portuguese woman. What a contrast to the 2,000,000 of today! In spite of their wealth and numbers, however, these millions can point to very little that offers even a semblance of antiquity. Modernizing "progress" has swept away the relics of a past about which the present is generally indifferent.

In Brooklyn the house in which the strange erratic character, the Augustinian missionary Philip Lariscy, celebrated on an unrecorded date the first Mass offered up, on Long Island, is today a tumbledown tenement. Here it was also that, on January 7, 1822, Peter Turner and his associates organized the first congregation of Brooklyn Catholics. On the opposite corner is now a most active agency of the proselyting soul-hunters who prey on the indifferent adults and the children of the great colony of Italians that have settled in the neighborhood of the gates of the Navy Yard.

During "Old Home Week" in Boston, in 1907, there was a temporary sign on a tailor shop in School Street, relating that this was the site of the first Catholic church in New England. Has anything more permanent been shown there since? There is nothing about Franklin and Devonshire Streets that would recall Cheverus, Matignon, Thayer or the other Boston pio-

neers; nor at Washington street and Adams Square, where, in 1650, Father Druillettes conferred with Major Gibbons on the proposed Franco-English trading pact and alliance that, had it gone through, might have changed the political future of this continent.

There is no special interest manifested in the Catholic history of our country. It has not been taught systematically in our schools; there are no practical and comprehensive textbooks from which to teach it. "Apart from the missionary chapters, many of our Catholic histories read partly like the pages of a ledger and partly like catalogues of bishops and priests," declared the late Dr. Charles G. Herbermann, himself one of the most painstaking and exact historians.

Continuing his contrast between Plymouth and St. Mary's City, the writer in the *Catholic Historical Review* says:

Eighteen years from now Catholic Maryland will be celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of St. Mary's, and surely something might be done to commemorate this sacred event. . . . Will silence greet the Feast of the Annunciation in 1934 at old St. Mary's?

Considering the procrastinating way in which we usually do things, the time is none too short to think of an appropriate plan for a commemoration of the great event. The editor of the *Catholic Historical Review* suggests that,

One of the best methods would be to found an American Catholic Historical Association on the same plan as that of the American Historical Association. . . . There is no doubt that a national body such as this would be strong enough to begin the sadly neglected duty of founding those central storehouses of a National Catholic Library, a National Catholic Archives, and a National Catholic Museum.

It might be questioned whether perpetually starting new societies is the best method of accomplishing this or other reformative results. Why not try to strengthen and build up those societies already in existence and make use of the energies and resources they have already organized? There are three historical societies, in Philadelphia, New York and St. Paul, that have given ample evidence of ability and willingness to do substantial work in the preservation of our Catholic records.

There is promise also in the recent action of St. Teresa's College, Winona, Minnesota, which, in order to encourage and stimulate interest in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States, has offered fourteen scholarships of a present value of \$100 each and a possible increase to \$250, for competitive essays on Catholic American history. These prizes are open to high-school graduates. A general adoption of some such plan in our academies and colleges would go far towards correcting the neglect that has been so widespread in spite of the admonition of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore (1884):

Teach your children to take a special interest in the history of our own country. . . . As we desire, therefore, that the history of the United States should be carefully taught in all our Catholic schools, we have directed that it be specially dwelt upon in the education of our young ecclesiastical students in our preparatory seminaries; and also we desire that it form a favorite part of the home library and home reading.

Were these admonitions heeded there would be no doubt about a fitting celebration of the Maryland tercentenary of 1934.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

The New York Stock Exchange

To the Editor of AMERICA:

By some accident I overlooked the editorial "O Radix Jesse" in AMERICA for December 30, and read it only after several days. I am a member of the New York Stock Exchange and am con-

stantly on the "floor." I spent the entire business day of December 19, from ten o'clock to three, in the Exchange. I can testify of my own personal knowledge that no such scenes as you describe, quoting from the "daily press," took place on that day in connection with Lloyd George's speech or with anything else. There was no "merry rout" nor anything like it. There was nothing whatever out of the ordinary in the behavior of members. They behaved as they always do in times of large activity and violent fluctuations. In all such times there is a certain amount of excitement and noise in the course of business. But that there was any "jubilation" at the waning of peace prospects is absolutely false. Many times, probably fifty, at least, in the course of the last two years I have heard men on the Exchange say that peace could not come any too soon for them, business or no business. I have never heard one express a desire for continuance of war, because it "made business."

I do not know where you found in the "daily press" the report you quoted. I saw nothing of it in the papers I read, which include practically all, except the Hearst publications. Wherever it was, it was a plain lie, without a shadow of foundation. I am sorry that you should think so ill of an honorable body of men as to believe such a story concerning them.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

[AMERICA is glad to learn that the report attributed by the press to the brokers is a plain lie. It is to be regretted, however, that protests are not sent to the papers with which such reports originate. Thus painful impressions would be obviated.—ED. AMERICA.]

Mr. Cadman's Book

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of October 7 A. J. McC. says in reviewing S. Parkes Cadman's book on Wyclif, Wesley and Newman: "Regarding the essay on Wyclif no Catholic can of course respond to the author's desire to draw readers into closer intimacy and sympathy with the heresiarch, who denied the dogma of transubstantiation and taught subversive social theories." In view of the numerous false statements in the book I think the reviewer might have said that Catholic and non-Catholic alike would find it hard to believe that Mr. Cadman intends to be taken seriously.

His errors on Scholasticism are particularly patent. The first blunder is his definition of Scholasticism. He calls it "an able and praiseworthy attempt to reconcile the dogmas of faith with the dictates of reason." Vincent McNabb says, "It is well nigh impossible to define what is Scholasticism." But granting the definition of Mr. Cadman, how can he contrive to shelter under it such men as Abelard, Occam and Wyclif, who spent their lives trying to put a chasm between faith and reason? But this misconception is mild, compared with the false statements he makes regarding the tenets of Scholasticism. On page fifty-two Mr. Cadman says: "The Realists contended that reality belonged only to universal conceptions. For example, the term 'house' did not denote the thing itself, but only the immaterial idea." On the same page he says: "Every thing in heaven and on earth was primarily of one substance with the all comprehending Universal Being." On page sixty-one he talks about "that philosophical pantheism which characterized all varieties of realism." He repeatedly declares that Wyclif was the last Scholastic. According to his definition Wyclif cannot be considered a Scholastic at all. As a matter of fact Gabriel Biel, who died at Tübingen in 1495, was the last medieval Scholastic.

Of course Mr. Cadman's travesty on Scholasticism would be incomplete without the oft-repeated fable that the Scholastic knew nothing of the inductive method. So he uses this old fable. If he had read the anthropology of the "Summa" he might have corrected his view. It is no wonder that Mr. Cadman perpetrates such picturesque rhetoric as "labyrinthine windings of scholastic philosophy," and "they [the Scholastics] essayed to elucidate

eternal mysteries by logic, while they enshrouded plain, everyday truths in a dense mist." Contrast this confident ignorance of Scholasticism with Huxley's intelligent appreciation of it. The latter had no sympathy with the Catholic Church, but he was manly and fair enough to praise that philosophical system which helps to express her dogmas. He enjoyed the "Summa" and paid this tribute to its author: "His [Aquinas'] marvelous grasp and subtlety of intellect seem to me to be almost without a parallel."

St. Louis.

A. G. BRICKEL.

Roses or Regrets

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Referring to Francis A. McCloskey's article, "Roses or Regrets," and the letters called forth by it, I take great pleasure in contributing five dollars towards this movement to assist Father Schoener to continue his scientific labors. Now, if others will contribute towards this good work, an association can be formed, and roses, not regrets, will be our portion. If a thousand members could be obtained, who would pledge themselves to pay five dollars a year for membership fees, this certainly would help the cause along. However, the plan must be kept before the people, or they will soon forget about the good work. How can this be done? Somebody please make suggestions.

Seattle.

A. L.

The Excellent Gift of Charity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Allow me to express my genuine appreciation of Mr. More's letter in your issue of December 16, containing so able and precise an exposition of the attitude which Catholics assume, or certainly ought to assume, toward heretical errors and untruth. I am sure there are few of us who would disagree with the position stated by Mr. More. But, to return to my communication of November 11, it was in no way my object to attack a straightforward and vigorous defense of truth. Certainly, had Professor Gerould in "Saints' Legends" travestied our holy religion, or had he assumed a scoffing, unkindly attitude toward it, had he impugned any article of faith, I should not be writing this letter. But it is not clear to my mind why it was necessary for H. W. to treat the Professor's book so cavalierly and to administer to him so stinging and undeserved a rebuke. Whether Professor Gerould's statements are more radical than some written by Jesuit Bollandists is a question I leave to real scholars of hagiology. Apparently the reviewers in the *Ave Maria* and the *Catholic World* were not disturbed by any undue radicalism. Moreover, a spirit of deep reverence for sacred things characterizes both Professor Gerould's volume and his personal attitude toward the Church. In fact, he was kind enough to write me after seeing my "protest" and say that before he had seen the courteous review in the *Ave Maria*, his "first fear" upon reading H. W.'s review had been that he "might have given reasonable cause of offense to Catholic readers."

It was a pleasure to refer him to the enthusiastic review in the November *Catholic World* in which Catholics are urged to read "Saints' Legends" not only because of its "literary value" but because "there are many conclusions which he (Professor Gerould) comes to as a result of his extensive and laborious researches that are very valuable, very timely, and we hope to many, enlightening and inspiring" (p. 282). What I meant by my former letter your readers will perhaps see better than I can express it if they compare the temper and character of the reviews of "Saints' Legends" in the *Catholic World* and *Ave Maria* with the temper and character of the review in AMERICA. It is not that the two are favorable and the other unfavorable. The contrast lies deeper than that.

New Haven.

CORTLANDT VAN WINKLE.

Lay Mission Workers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I was deeply interested on reading the article, "Lay Mission Workers" in a recent issue of AMERICA. The conditions emphasized seem to be pretty general; there is also a widespread lack of realization of these conditions on the part of those who are primarily responsible. If sixty children can be diverted from a sectarian Sunday school by devoted laymen, why is it that no provision was made for such children and their parents before the advent of these self-sacrificing catechists? If sixty children can be gathered together, how many more are undiscovered? Have these children been led into alien folds because they have been unshepherded? Why are these children assembled in halls and barns, and other unsuitable places, to receive their first religious instruction under Catholic auspices? Have we gone brick-and-mortar mad, carrying the hod to so good effect that we have lifted million-dollar basilicas in the populous centers and have meanwhile failed to care for the children of the Faith in the outlying districts? It would seem to the onlooker that vast sums are expended on too expensive establishments, whilst the rearing of necessary modest edifices is given little attention.

We have the fruitless satisfaction of beholding superb buildings, and of praising ourselves for our outlay, whilst the proselyters with a small portion of our expenditures gain our children and unborn generations that will never worship in any of our stately churches. We need many more smaller churches, fewer magnificent piles of brick and mortar. The wasted millions might well be distributed over each diocese, so that every community might have its little church and rectory and school, with a resident priest, who might evangelize among the very proselyters themselves. As it is now, we have a feast in the cities, a veritable famine in the country. There ought to be priests located in places where many children are found. It should offer no difficulty to find means for building inexpensive churches to furnish these forlorn souls with religious ministrations and to safeguard them from perversion. These lay catechists are doing a most holy and praiseworthy work. But, one asks, where are the shepherds of these flockless sheep, and why have they no fold in which to gather them? Must they continue to be neglected, abandoned to their sad fate, whilst we lament the fruitful efforts of proselyters in an untilled field?

We squander untold millions on embellishments for most costly edifices. We paint the rose and gild the sun; but others keep to mother earth and lead away the children that ought to fill our ornate pews. Why spend thousands of dollars on decorations and tinsel, and deny the little sums to the churchless poor, who need only the bare necessities and ask for no useless trimmings? The fact is that we have lost our bearings and stand in need of a revision of our methods. I know what can be done, for I have been the pastor of a flock of 150 souls, working people all, for upwards of a dozen years. The children are the major portion of the fold. I have received ample support without resorting to any devices to raise money, such as picnics, bazaars, suppers, etc. We support ourselves wholly along ordinary channels and receive no aid from outside. I know perfectly well that it would be regarded as foolish to give such a small congregation the services of a resident priest, foolish in some parts of the country.

Louisville.

Z. M.

The Origin of Human Life

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Although interesting and instructive, the article on "The Origin of Human Life," in AMERICA for December 16, leaves something to be desired. "St. Gregory of Nyssa," we are told, "held the human soul is in the embryo from the very beginning,

and," we are assured, "he *proved* his proposition." What, then, are we to think of St. Thomas, the Angelic Doctor of the Church, who, notwithstanding this *proved* thing, according to the writer "held that the soul of man is infused about the fortieth day and that of women near the eightieth day," especially when "he didn't have one fact to prove his assertion"? To an ordinary layman, the terms "held" and "proved" have a very definite meaning, and Dr. O'Malley, quite unintentionally of course, imputes to St. Thomas a degree of rashness that is inexcusable; for when a proposition is *proved*, that ends discussion; and if St. Gregory proved, not merely adduced proof to prove and tending to prove, but *proved*, that the soul is in the embryo from the first, there can be no excuse for St. Thomas, who was familiar with his writings, holding or even thinking differently.

As a matter of fact, there is substantial agreement between St. Gregory and St. Thomas, and between the older moralists "who did not know embryology and erroneously thought that the embryo lacks the organs requisite for the reception of the soul until the fortieth or eightieth day," and those of today who accept the modern physicist's verdict that there is "sufficient organized matter in the first cell of the embryo to hold the soul." All moralists have held: when there is human life there is a human soul. It is for the scientists to say when there is life; the moralists can only accept their verdict. It was science that rejected St. Gregory's proof as insufficient; St. Thomas relied on the accepted dictum of science and, therefore, erred; just as all the errors on scientific questions which Catholic moralists have made, are traceable in the first instance to the scientists themselves.

Louisville.

BENEDICT ELDER.

In Defense of Typewriters

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Once upon a time pre-diluvian authors wrote with stone hammers on a piece of cliff. After the flood had been used as a sort of huge blotter for the writings and the writers, literary aspirants chiseled, painted, worked out fancy hieroglyphics, manufactured Hebrew hen-tracks to run backward over a page for the benefit of left-handed readers, and finally arrived at the goose-quill and the steel pen. Then came typewriters and the sobbing of an editorial writer in the issue of AMERICA for December 9, that these horrid machines were contributory causes to the decay of modern letters. The fact that Milton could not have composed "Lycidas" or "The Hymn on the Nativity" on the typewriter, proves nothing against the wretched machine. Milton had stenographers, though, and his daughters were hard-worked girls with little thanks and much abuse from the old blind Puritan.

We can easily imagine Milton sighing for a typewriter that could be used by the blind. He had no words to bother him at all. He saw in the darkness before his eyes, bright, flaming expressions that exactly clothed his thoughts. His mind, not his pen, wrote the words, and as there are few distractions for a blind man, his thoughts and their clothing were one in his brooding.

A masterpiece of literature does not depend on the instrument used in writing the words on paper. Rapidity in composition is a fatality to art only when there is a weakling brain directing the flying fingers. Cannot a modern author correct in rewriting just as well on a machine as he could with a pen that sputters a gallon of black ink over the page and his cuffs, and causes various grittings of the teeth? The dearth of Miltons is due not to typewriters but to modern bad taste. You can use a file with the typewriter. Horace does not mean his *limae labor* to exclude it. A steel pen and physical effort will never prick the fetid heat-bubbles that sluggishly puff up on the green, stagnant swamp of modern sex-literature. *Occupet extremum scabies, mihi turpe relinqui est!* shouts out the salacious

author and pre-diluvian hammering on cliffs would only increase his salary.

Does a modern author need to be strapped to his bed as was Stevenson when the lungs grew worse? Must a man make difficulties for himself when science can help him? Does anyone want us to be like the people of Charles the Second's time, who fancied that it was a terrible thing to have candles set up over every few doors? There was too much light, they murmured; London rivals the heavens and what was the good of a moon if this thing was to go on?

Literary composition does not depend on the machine. Haphazardness does not connote typewriters. Dickens and Thackeray, Newman and Macaulay, would be using typewriters today and Newman would still leave space between the lines for seven corrections; Dickens would still work out whole pages testing the name "Martin Chuzzlewit"; Thackeray would be forced to cut away many wandering digressions, and Macaulay's bludgeon sarcasm would not be splintered by a machine. We need a Macaulay today to laugh the people into a disgust for the real reason of our sad dearth of Miltons. *Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons*. Why then blame the typewriter?

High Hill, Md.

F. X. D.

Catholic Literature for the Philippines

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Here in the Philippines there is an imperative need of providing students, and especially high-school pupils, with Catholic literature, and in particular with Catholic magazines and periodicals. The Filipinos are eager for education, and read American papers, pamphlets, weeklies and monthlies with great avidity. Non-Catholic sects are sedulously scattering reading matter, that is more or less hostile to the Church, and the Filipino boys and girls have practically no antidote at their disposal, for Catholic literature in English rarely reaches their hands. Libraries are springing up all over the Islands, and subscriptions are secured for the *Independent* and other reviews, but Catholic reviews are excluded, on the ground that they are not "neutral" in religious matters.

It would therefore be a work of zeal for Catholics, who can afford to do so, to send to the priests in charge of the missions throughout the Islands, and especially in the capitals of the Provinces, where the educational fever is at its height, Catholic reading matter of all kinds, but above all, reviews that set forth the Catholic position on the vexed questions of the day. Subscriptions, as many as possible, of course, would be the most efficient means of assisting the priests in their discouraging work; but those who do not see their way to paying for subscriptions, could at least forward their copy of the Catholic periodical to which they subscribe to some mission station, after they have finished reading it themselves. I am particularly interested in the high-school pupils at Tagbilaran, Bohol, Cebu, Philippine Islands. Catholic papers, sent to the Rev. Antonio Medalle, who is the pastor at that place, would enable him to save many a fine boy and girl to the Faith.

Manila.

A. C.

A White List of College Plays

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If the directors of dramatic associations would send to AMERICA the titles of plays which their personal experience has found suitable for school or college production, together with brief notes, indicating the general idea of each play, its length, the number of characters in it and other useful details, the "white list" suggested in AMERICA for December 9 could easily be compiled and would prove very useful.

Galveston.

A. MAUREAU.

A M E R I C A

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1917

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The Argument for Alcohol

IN the year just closed, the Chicago Court of Domestic Relations took cognizance of 2,914 cases of wife-abandonment. In a series of figures recently submitted, Mr. John Gardner, warrant-clerk of the Court, shows that of the worthies who delegated the care of their families to private charity and to the city, ninety-five per cent were moved to this action by drink. The apparent duties of a family nature interfered with the potations of these hardy annual drinkers; driven to a desperate choice, they preferred to devote themselves almost exclusively to the promotion of the trade in alcohol. The country needs the money, they argued, and the country draws no small part of its revenue from the tax on liquor. *Dulce et decorum pro patria bibere*. As to the wife and children, it would be at least indecorous to withdraw all objects fit for the exercise of the highest of virtues.

Statistics furnish a notoriously unsafe guide to any conclusion, not because they are false but because they are incomplete. The statistical argument of the Prohibitionist is gallantly met by the statistical argument of the purveyor of strong waters. Perhaps it is true that most drunkards die young; but, on the other hand, many survive as public nuisances even to an unholy old age. The per capita wealth of a "dry" State may be higher, but so are the taxes, and likewise the population of the insane asylums. As is well known, few factors lead more directly to mental aberration than total abstinence. Furthermore, New York, the premier city of the country, if not of the world, is most hospitably "wet," while Palo Crossing is buried in the depths of ignorance and "dryness," on the lonely banks of the meandering Platte. The depression of Palo is due to the temperance of its inhabitants, just as New York's preeminence rests

exclusively upon its bibulous citizens, who grace by their alternate presence the city's cafés and jails.

Figures are discounted by figures in this hot debate, facts balanced by facts, and every wild inference finds a fellow in a deduction which would do honor to the oldest inhabitant of a gold-cure institute. Where doctors disagree, the disciple is justified in adopting the general persuasion, growing out of many a sordid tragedy, that taking life as it is today, the less men and women have to do with strong drink, the better.

The New Child Labor Law

WHEN President Wilson signed the Child Labor bill, a sigh of relief went up from thousands of excellent citizens. At last, said these good persons, sincerely and unselfishly devoted to the interests of the young, the curse of child labor has been lifted. But not all good citizens shared this optimistic mood. They too sighed, but not a sigh of relief. The constitutionality of the measure was not above suspicion in their eyes, and the machinery provided for its enforcement seemed singularly inadequate. But their chief fear was that many social workers, hitherto thoroughly alive to the moral and economic dangers attendant upon child labor, might now turn their attention to other needed reforms, under the impression that child slavery was a thing of the past.

As a matter of fact, even if sustained by the Supreme Court, the new Federal law, which takes effect in September of the present year, is only the first step towards the elimination of unnecessary and hurtful child labor. The fight against this disgraceful evil can be brought to a successful close, only when the interest and active sympathy of the local authorities have been secured. By taking the initiative within its own sphere, the Federal Government can and should set the example to the local governments. But, if the Constitution of the United States means anything at all, Congress has no power whatever to dictate the policy of a concern which is purely local. If foolish and sin-laden John Jones prefers to mine his coal with the aid of ten-year-old boys, Congress is powerless to issue a veto, so long as this venerable reprobate peddles his coal within the boundaries of his own sovereign State.

But even allowing the full force of the new Federal law, it is perfectly clear that the measure bears upon a very small percentage of children engaged in gainful occupations. According to the Census of 1910, about 2,000,000 children, who normally should be in school, are out in the world trying to make a living. Of this large number, only about 150,000 will be affected by the Federal law, which has exclusive reference to those establishments engaging in interstate commerce. The cash-girls and the errand-boys, the "newsies" and the bootblacks, the peddlers and the laundry-workers, the berry-pickers and the mill-hands remain as before.

Many of these children, particularly the girl-peddlers and the newsboys, are serving an unholy novitiate on the streets, preparatory to their reception into a life of crime and misery.

These unhappy conditions are likely to continue in the absence of local regulation. At the present time, communities supposedly enlightened allow boys and girls to peddle on the streets at all hours of the night. In twenty-eight States, children may work eight hours daily, six days a week; in nineteen States, they may work until midnight. What does this mean for the physical and moral energy of the coming generation? Thirty-two States do not require even a fifth-grade certificate before the issuance of working papers. What chance have these boys and girls to make their way in a country where, generally speaking, some degree of education and training is necessary for even moderate success?

Unless the local authorities are aroused to the moral, physical and economic dangers of child labor, Federal legislation is apt to prove a mere mockery. With the passage of the new Child Labor bill, the fight has not ended. It has only begun.

"Scientists" and Immortality

A RECENT canvass made, it is said, among more than 5,000 scientists, elicited the information that of this number more than one-half expressed disbelief both in the existence of God and in the immortality of the soul. Scientists, in the real sense of the word, that is men with acknowledged reputations for scholarly attainments, for wide experience and personal research, will no doubt repudiate the inference, and declare that although men engaged in scientific pursuits may have shown this marked atheistic attitude, true scientists, men who really deserve the honored title, are by no means characterized, as a class, by this frame of mind. Certainly the gentlemen from whom the inquiry was made, are not authoritative spokesmen for science, and it is unfortunate that a slur should have been cast on an honorable body of men.

As far as the value of the concursus of opinion is concerned, the professor who is credited with compiling the figures, might just as well have consulted 5,000 plumbers, for no matter what may have formed the basis of the disbelief, it was not found in science. Science, ancient or modern, has discovered nothing whatsoever that runs counter to the fundamental philosophic truth, that God exists, or to the clear conclusion based on the evidence of the facts of consciousness, that the soul is immortal. If science has affected these truths at all, it has been to strengthen, not to weaken them; for it has thrown the principle of causality into greater relief by accentuating the necessity of tracing effects to an adequate cause, it has added cogency and vividness to the argument from design by manifesting in marvelous ways

the stupendous order that exists in the material world, and it has shown with increasing clearness the superiority of mind over matter.

The masters of science have not denied either God's existence or the immortality of the soul, it is only the tyros who have done so, men of little minds, or men trained along the single line of observing the things of sense. Not finding the immortality of the soul in a test-tube, failing to observe God reacting to their reagents, they have leaped to the conclusion that neither He nor the soul exists. The spiritual world is apparently beyond their conception. Perhaps too they have been influenced, it may be unconsciously, by the prevalence of the notion that the mark of learning is the denial of honored truths. It is not unlikely that, when they have gained an assured place in their profession and have had the leisure to read with reflection a little psychology and natural theology, they will see fit to rectify their opinions. No doubt they will be surprised to find that both the truths they have denied belong to the realm of pure philosophy, and are no less scientifically demonstrable than are specific gravities.

In Chicago and Elsewhere

BY adopting the policy of open confession, Chicago has added another to its many virtues. The New York attitude, aped by many cities of similar aspirations, is precisely that of the Pharisee. "Murder," remarks a prominent Chicago lawyer, "is fairly common in our city. In 1915, it occurred at intervals of thirty hours." The record for the first eleven months, as compiled by the police, shows an improvement. There were only 103 in 334 days. But the coroner, more pessimistic, holds that the correct total for the year is 312. The *Chicago Tribune* adds a few interesting details.

Five policemen were shot and killed, while twelve others who were shot recovered. Thirty-three bombs were thrown, and the yeggmen blew ninety-five safes and tried to blow twenty others. There were 18,575 crimes of all kinds. Of this number, larcenies lead with a total of 8,183, burglaries are next with 6,635. Crime is on the decrease, say the police.

The *Tribune* does not attempt a complete diagnosis of Chicago's criminality. It suggests, however, that one cause of the disorder is "mushy justice," a disease of the courts which consists in absolving the gunman, the thug and the murderer, particularly if young or of the female sex, and attributing the blame to "society." "Society," elucidates the *Tribune*, "did not provide two young fellows with a large racing car, so they took one. Society did not provide them with a speedway on which to use the car, so they broke the neck of a pedestrian, not agile enough to get out of the way." The boys had made no difficulty about stealing the automobile, or about confessing the theft. They had stolen automobiles and other things before, had been dealt with leniently, and had reached the conclusion that, on the whole,

thieving was as pleasant as well as a profitable vocation. When at last arraigned for sentence, "hot tears furrowed the judge's cheeks. Society had been remiss in the case. He urged them not to turn their hate against society," which, considering the matter in its larger aspects, was exceedingly generous of the judge. Meanwhile, the complaining witness did not dare to leave the court room for fear of his life, but sought the shelter of the jail against the loudly expressed resentment of the young criminal's friends. In consequence of these travesties of justice, comments the *Tribune*, "the fingers of Chicago youths clutch the stock of a revolver almost as readily as the handles of a wheelbarrow. Violence has been popular in this city. As long as it is profitable and not too precarious, it will be popular."

We have long trained our young people to take the line of least resistance in all things, under plea of developing their initiative and individuality, and it is not particularly surprising that much of the same miserable spirit has infected our courts of justice. By reason of the prevailing educational system, the majority of our boys and girls are excluded from all but the most meager training in religion. Statute law can hardly hope to check the turbulent "initiative" of a generation produced by these methods. There is truth as well as grim humor in the suggestion made by the *Tribune*, that if society is not to be replaced by anarchy, we must at least "discourage the sentimental treatment of criminals by juries, and the devices by which criminals and their attorneys avoid prosecution, and set our face rigidly against unwise pardoning of criminals." As a resolution for the New Year, the suggestion is as opportune for New York and older parts of the country, as for Chicago.

Harvard and Yale Graduates

"A DISASTROUS state of things." That, according to the *New York Times*, is the judgment passed by President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot on the birth-rate situation in the families of Harvard graduates during the last forty years. It is the judgment passed by him upon the moral results achieved by himself and his successors. The same holds true of the birth-rate among Yale graduates. By their own indictment, these great universities have proved themselves failures, from a patriotic as well as a religious point of view. An educational system must be judged by its results. Upon their own admission, made in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, the standard of living which these universities have fostered is one that "is based on comfort and luxury rather than on education and culture." They have been a failure therefore, educationally and culturally, no less than from a religious and patriotic point of view. And yet, we dare say, there will be infatuated Catholics who will continue to send their children to these

and other similar universities in spite of all that experience should have taught them long ago, and that the Church has so persistently dinned into their unwilling ears. What is their children's birthright to them compared to the mess of pottage which the world and the devil are eagerly offering them in exchange?

Upon what precise figures do these statements rest? Mr. John C. Phillips, the Harvard investigator, a member of the class of 'ninety-nine, has computed, according to carefully compiled statistics, that at the end of 200 years there will remain only 852 direct male descendants from a total of 5,618 Yale and Harvard graduates. Such at least are the prospects of the present declining birth-rate. Professor Eliot is inclined to hope for a betterment. But upon what legitimate grounds? Why should men and women not continue to seek their own private "comfort and luxury" or follow their own personal ambitions, rather than fulfil their responsibilities towards a Creator whose existence they have been taught to doubt or to deny?

To show by the briefest and most convincing argument the growth of luxury, irresponsibility, self-seeking and godlessness the following figures alone will suffice without further comment. The percentage of childless marriages among Harvard men between the years 1851 and 1890 gradually and steadily rose, decade by decade, from 7.6 to 23.4 per cent. The Yale percentage was only slightly less disturbing, rising from 10.5 to 21.3 per cent. The Harvard investigator admits that reform must come from within. But he is beating the empty air when, without any mention of religion, he demands the results that can flow from it alone. The desired reform, he says, will be brought about "by a stern sense of duty and a realization that the vain stampede after pleasure for pleasure's sake is leading us only to restlessness and discontent." He has rightly diagnosed the malady, but has failed completely to prescribe the one and only remedy. It is a foolish as well as an evil thing to have left the Lord their God.

The Chaste Generation

WHILE the bells were ringing in the New Year, a tragic alarm was sounding in the little French-Canadian village of St. Ferdinand de Halifax, near Lake William, Megantic County, Quebec. The asylum, where 180 demented or half-witted girls were under the care of those angels of charity who walk our earth in the garb of the Catholic nun, and whose gentle hands accomplish tasks under which the shoulders of strong men seem at times to weaken, was a mass of seething flames. The suddenness of the outburst, the loneliness and solitude of the village, the rigors of a Canadian winter's night, with the thermometer registering twenty degrees below zero, the inadequacy of the means to fight the conflagration, the more than helpless condition of the poor creatures trapped in their fiery prison walls, added

to the horrors of the fire and helped to lengthen the tragic toll of the victims. In spite of the heroic efforts of the villagers and the brave and dauntless nuns, forty-five of the helpless girls perished in the flames. No picture need be drawn to paint this awful tragedy. It tells its own tale. Few hearts can remain unmoved at the grim recital.

The dispatch which records the tragedy adds one significant fact. "One of the Sisters, who tried to rescue the girls, suffered martyrdom in the attempt." The brief sentence is eloquent with its tale of heroism and self-sacrifice. The very name of the heroine is untold. The world had not heard of her in her life of obscurity and devotion to the cause of the hapless derelicts of society whom Providence had committed to her care. It did not hear of her name when she made the supreme sacrifice of her life amidst the crackling flames in which she was taken as a spotless holocaust to heaven. But she adds another name in the records of heaven to the long roll of the virgins of Christ, of that chaste generation, strong ever in the hour of peril and danger, because their hearts are pure. For her the billowing flames and the eddying smoke, the crumbling walls and the falling debris had no terror. There were trembling hands stretched out to her. Voices of terror-stricken girls, frenzied with fear and more than helpless from one of the saddest and most appalling of nature's calamities,

were calling to her. Her virgin heart did not fail. She flew to the help of her agonizing children. Where strong men might well have wavered, the Sister with the name unknown to men, but forever recorded with those of the virgins and the martyrs of God, faced the flames. In her supreme act of self-sacrifice, she died.

In the presence of that simple and noble victim, our lips are thrilled to silence. Before that martyred nun robed with the dyed and crimson garments of Bosra on the white Canadian snows, the tears of the heart fall in admiration and in love. Her Sisters in religion will carve her name over her humble grave. The world at large will hear as little of her heroic death as it did of her hidden life. Few even of those who reverence the garb she wore and the holy calling in which she served God, may hear of her noble story. Yet, the Catholic Church, of which she was the faithful daughter, will ever be able to point to her as one of its glories. It was under its guidance that her virgin heart was trained to meet the supreme test which she had to face. It was from its teaching that she derived the spirit of heroism and self-sacrifice which, when the ordeal came, did not fail. And over the smoke and the flames of the dreadful tragedy of St. Ferdinand, we read written in golden letters the lesson that the Catholic Church has ever taught, that it is the pure of heart who in the hour of danger and trial, are the dauntless and the strong.

Literature

THE REVIVAL OF ENGLISH POETRY

FOR the last twenty years or more poetry has been left to languish in the dungeons of derision by the English. The very nation which has produced more great poets than the rest of the world combined has treated its poets worst. A superficial critic might, and in fact frequently does, ascribe this unhappy state of things to the glut of poetasters whose immortal works are issued, for a consideration, by careless publishers, and are at once allowed by a still more careless world to drop into the oblivion of the fourpenny box. Yet the whole blame must not be laid to the door of those Miltons who, if inglorious, are by no means mute. Indeed, rightly considered, the fact of a multitude of indifferent poets existing in our midst is, given also a few good poets, a very healthy sign. It at least proves that the practice of the art of song must be that which is most normal and satisfying to men, since it is the art which men most persistently essay, even when they have in it no grain of aptitude. Minor poets should, and very often do, prove the existence of the major, whose admirers and imitators they are,

No, the real reason for the decline of noble verse lies in the fact that toward the end of last century, the poets only too often wandered in unclean places. What's more, they frequently wore their hair long, affected velvet coats, and had debts. Dowson died of drink, Davidson by his own hand, and Wilde in the odor of infamy. Even the more respectable poets showed themselves to be poor fellows in the affairs of life. Did not Francis Thompson sell matches and take opium? Was not the head of Lionel Johnson so weak that a mere fall backward from a chair in a public-house was sufficient to smash it? The Englishman proudly

conscious of a harder skull liked neither the strange vices of the poets nor their fantastic virtues, so that when a black scandal raised its head, he reminded his children that he had "told them so," and was glad to see poetry crash suddenly and, as appeared finally, into almost universal contempt.

But now the poets have very largely come back again into their own. Even the stout, phlegmatic, middle-class person has begun dimly to feel that the times call for something more than a leading article; that Armageddon and the trump of doom, Michael and his angels in battle with the dragon call for an utterance richer and more terrible than the plain stuff of prose. The days are epic, but where is the singer of the epic?

Along with the renewed sense of the need of poetry has come the vision of our young poets washed in the awful font of war. The souls that were rotten with decay are now made romantic by danger. Such secret sores and sins as they may have had once are forgotten in the sudden blaze of their glory. Their names now ring of death and the splendor of arms, and their poetry is ended and made complete.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us for our dearth
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love and Pain.
Honor has come back as a king to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

The whimperings of the minor poets, the sad little men whose souls were sick, are heard no more; but from wild waste places comes upon the wind a great cry of praise. We were better than we knew. Our pessimism has fallen from us like a sheath, for it had never, thank God, really reached our heart. *There*

ran the blood tempered by our kindly fields and abiding hills, whence was drawn, all unwittingly, "a flaming valiancy of soul." The new spirit is shot and colored with the beatitude of the English country-side, where one sees with reopened eyes "the lands of stubble and tall trees." With something of the glad note of discovery Geoffrey Howard can write his lovely sonnet, "England":

O she is very small and very green,
And full of little lanes all dense with flowers
That wind along and lose themselves between
Mossed farms and parks and fields of quiet sheep.
And in the hamlets where her stalwarts sleep
Low bells chime out from old elm-hidden towers.

Even in death do these things endure.

If I should die, think only this of me
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England.

wrote Rupert Brooke, dying and giving to Lemnos a new beauty, thoughts of the cool woods, the wild hedge-rose and the deep bounty of our soil. With the same fine finality "Edward Melbourne" sang his song "Before Action," falling a few weeks later in the Somme advance.

I that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of Thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
Must say good-by to all of this:—
By all delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord.

It is a startling fact that the three finest of the poets directly produced by the war should have all died in the war. They were crowned with the laurel and then sealed to the grave with a blazing, splendid kiss. Rupert Brooke, Edward Melbourne and Julian Grenfell have gone, leaving us an imperishable legacy. With dramatic irony the *Times* on May the 28 of last year announced Captain Grenfell's death from wounds, and on the same day published his poem "Into Battle":

And when the burning moment breaks
And all things else are out of mind,
And only joy of battle takes
Him by the throat and makes him blind.

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel can reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands
And in the air Death moans and sings:
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

Ruskin, who hated war, declared nevertheless that war is the mother of the arts. Whatever may be the effect of this war upon music and painting and the plastic arts, there can be no question that poetry has awoken to a loud reveille. Through fierce fires men are returning to a new simplicity, to the love of elemental things, to "Mother Earth and Fatherland," and with the clearer vision has come, too, the perception of spiritual things. It is difficult to gauge accurately a *tendency*, for that is all that is abroad at present, but one may notice a growing Catholic sentiment in poetry. In an age when belief was thought to be failing, it is much to find, as we so repeatedly do find, a religious instinct healthy enough to materialize vividly the unseen.

The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay shuttered doors.

Heaven has come down to earth again, and the Lamb of God "walks upon our meadows green" . . . But that is a separate story, and may be left to another article.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

REVIEWS

Development of Personality. By BROTHER CHRYSOSTOM, F.S.C. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. \$1.25.

Moderns philosophize much on education, but their theories leave the poor teacher still far at sea. They prepare a diet for the young mind, but leave out the chief element of growth; they try to feed an immortal soul as though it could develop without God and religion. It is all carbohydrates without the essential protein. Religion is the protein element of education, for religion is the character-builder. Brother Chrysostom, makes no such mistake. In his book, "Development of Personality," he contends for an adequate system of character-building worthy of a being destined for God's Home. Thoroughly he analyzes the ingredients of character-nutrient, and adduces the authority of the sanest educators to bear out his findings. He then sets about to prepare a healthful, scientific diet which he wisely prescribes first to be prepared by the teacher, who will then be qualified to serve it up for the spiritually starved little ones of our country. Brother Chrysostom does for the mind's nutrition what Atwater and others have done for the body's.

His dietary is worth trying. Briefly it is this: Mix with the elements of secular instruction a goodly proportion of religious belief and practice; be sure they are well mixed; take this wholesome diet not only on Sunday, but on every week day as well. To dissolve and assimilate the sterner, protein elements, masticate well in daily, attentive meditation. By this process the character gradually fills out and grows robust, vital, energizing. This crowning development in a teacher constitutes his, or her, personality, the dynamic asset in developing character in others. As the just man, so the perfect teacher, must live by faith. The author gives ample, perhaps too much, attention to modern theories, and sometimes makes a simple matter difficult, at least for the ordinary teacher, by the use of their terminology. Happily the adequate notes keep us in touch with sound scholasticism. The book well deserves study, and the Catholic teacher will find it valuable. F. D. S.

José de Gálvez. By HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY. Berkeley: University of California Press. \$2.75.

This is not a biography, but a study of the activities of the visitor-general of New Spain, from 1765-1771. A brief sketch of Gálvez, of conditions in the mother country and of her theory of colonial government prepares one for a careful analysis of Gálvez' visitation, the details of which are minute and interesting. Gálvez it was who quite high-handedly expelled the Jesuits from Baja California and bloodily quelled the consequent dissatisfaction of the natives. Had Dr. Priestley touched on the injustice of the expulsion even as lightly as he exposed the cruelty of the execution of the Indians, this chapter would have been better balanced. Under Gálvez the Franciscans went over to Baja California and Junipero Serra entered Alta California as a part of his expedition. Apropos of this, Dr. Priestley writes: "It has long been the fashion to say that to Fr. Junipero Serra does California owe her settlement by the Spaniards. . . . [It] is not to be questioned that he saved the expedition. . . . But Serra had nothing to do, with the conception of the plan." [p. 254]

In an earlier volume of the University of California publications in history, "The Founding of Spanish California," by Charles Edward Chapman [pp. 99, 101], we read: "Fr. Serra is said to have prevailed upon the commander [Portolá] to delay his departure [from Alta California]. . . ." If this be true [and Priestley says it is], then Serra is to be credited with having saved the Alta California establishments in their first hour of need. It seems probable, however, that this is an injustice to Portolá." Why this constant weaving a web of fine-

drawn distinctions round the figure of Fr. Junipero Serra, this draping in a veil of probabilities? Shortly, the Founder of the Missions will be hidden from our gaze. Certainly the zealous missionary did not plan to carry Spanish civilization, as such, anywhere; he yearned to spread Christ's Kingdom everywhere, while always faithful to the Spanish. He worked for the Indian, primarily, not for the white. He would have thanked God had the whites remained away. Their alleged help was really a hindrance, their nearness a curse. Gálvez conceived the plan of pushing on to Alta California; Portolá headed the military expedition, Serra the religious; without the latter, the former would not have been undertaken, would certainly have failed at the outset, and could never have been maintained.

To whom then is the honor of settling California due? Gálvez conceived the plan, but in its execution was "capable of making himself appear to be the instrument of the viceroy in case of failing, while sure at the same time of receiving the major credit in case of success." [Chapman, note, p. 84.]

Technically, perhaps, to Gálvez is the honor due; practically, to a Franciscan friar, the indispensable Junipero Serra, who founded his missions and supported them without a peso of government aid, who introduced and fostered husbandry among the natives and made it possible among the settlers, whose foundations, without recompense, for long periods supported even the government troops with the common necessities of life, whose Indian settlements, when stolen from their lawful owners, became the nucleus of California's agricultural development. To whom is the honor due? Let California answer by hastening to set up a statue of Junipero Serra in her empty niche in the Hall of Fame. Z. J. M.

The Advance of the English Novel. By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50.

After defining a novel as "a good story well told," a story that shall at once be interesting, charming, clever, decent, and "that shall not be a treatise on politics, religion or sociology," Mr. Phelps studies the present state of the novel and its immense popularity. He then gives us a fairly comprehensive history of the development of the English novel from Smollett and Sterne down to the popular fiction writers of the present day. The work closes with a study of Henry James.

The distinguished Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale shows in the present book the same high standards of criticism put forth by him in his "Essays on Modern Novelists." It is a real pleasure, at a time when all ethical and moral values seem to be set aside, to meet a critic who frowns upon indecency and sensuality, who believes in reserve and dignity, where certain questions are involved, and rejoices that in America: "We have scarcely any outrageously indecent authors, whose work, common enough in Europe, bears about the same relation to true art that a boy's morbid sketches bear to Michael Angelo's frescoes." We are much afraid, however, that the author may have to modify this judgment of some recent authors, which does such honor to his head and his heart. For the school of Zola and his imitators is gaining new adepts every day. The manly and courageous strictures of such a competent critic as Mr. Phelps, may help to stem the tide.

In addition to this generally sound ethical and moral sense, the writer shows independence and originality of view and opinion. He is not afraid to call those pages of George Moore which are smirched with their unsavory revelations "senile," to say that George Meredith's "style is not only bad for the novel, it is bad for anything," to state of the same writer that he was not so complete a pagan as Thomas Hardy, but that he was essentially a pagan, that not only did he glorify the instincts of the heart at the expense of law and order but that he glorified the liberty of the individual above all discipline. He thinks that

not one of the historical romances which have appeared since the publication of "Treasure Island" is likely to survive, "except the splendid leviathans of Sienkiewicz."

Not only is the author quite independent in his verdicts, he has the happy gift of crystallizing them into a pithy epigram. After telling us that "Richardson was an analyst, Fielding a realist, Smollett a naturalist," he adds, "Smollett used an axe, Sterne a needle." Again he says that in literature "Dr. Johnson was a super-dreadnought; Goldsmith an excursion steamer." He reminds us that "indecent is not necessarily sincerity."

It would be quite possible to dispute some of our author's verdicts, but brief as it is, the book has stated the fundamental laws of the novel with accuracy and insight, has appraised the novelists of the past and the present with generally sound judgment and correct and lofty standards and has invested the whole subject with interest and charm.

J. C. R.

Robert Louis Stevenson—How to Know Him. By RICHARD ASHLEY RICE. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

Robert Louis Stevenson was the most companionable of men: so the author of this work would have us judge from a running commentary on the life and works of the same. Numerous extracts, some short, some longer, have for their purpose to show us that R. L. S. is a good doctor for those who are forgetting how it feels to be young. The guide through these selections is an enthusiastic admirer. He arouses a like enthusiasm in the reader by the sprightliness of his style. If there had been less philosophy on his part and better order in the arrangement of materials; if instead of condemning Stevenson's method of imitating the sentence structure of great authors, he had shown us the charm of Stevenson's phrases in a few examples, the work would have been more interesting and instructive. Something might have been added to bring out in clear light the religious motives that helped to make this consumptive so buoyant that his life has become an inspiration to thousands of others. And we know that these existed; for we find them expressly stated in his book of travels. Opening this book and turning to the "heart of the country of the Camisards," we read of how his fancy soared as he listened to the voice of a woman singing not far off; it reminded him of Browning's "Pippa Passes," and he concludes by saying: "'Hope which comes to all,' outwears the accidents of life, and reaches with tremulous hand beyond the grave and death. Easy to say: yea, but also, by God's mercy, both easy and grateful to believe!" Without doubt he had caught Pippa's refrain:

"God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world."

L. T. D.

Slavery in Germanic Society During the Middle Ages. By AGNES MATHILDE WERGELAND, Ph.D.

History of the Working Classes in France. A Review of Levasseur's *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières et de L'Industrie en France avant 1789*. By AGNES MATHILDE WERGELAND, Ph.D. (Zurich). Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. \$1.00 each.

These are two little books that the student of sociology will find useful. The author's researches have enabled her to offer a deal of recondite information regarding the condition of slaves in the northern nations. It will probably surprise most readers to learn, for example, that "It was the North, untouched by Roman influences, that showed the slave most absolutely subjected; not the South, where he more easily became a serf." So cheap were these human chattels reckoned that in Swedish law a slave was valued at only half the price of a

cow, or three marks in money. Dr. Wergeland owns that

The Church throughout its course did all it could to stop the [slave] trade by buying the prisoners and setting them free. . . . There is no doubt that, but for the constant good offices of the Church through her ministers, the improvement in the conditions of the slave would have been of far slower growth. . . . [The Church was] the most constant and untiring advocate of the betterment of his [the slave's] condition, and through her influence strongly animated both nation and king to follow her advice in this direction.

Dr. Wergeland's other book is a handy digest of Levasseur's monumental work and a running commentary on the facts and statistics he gives. Some idea can be gained, for instance, of the size and magnificence of a medieval abbey's domains, when we read that St. Germain-des-Prés in Paris possessed "1,717 servile holdings divided between 2,859 households and inhabited by 10,282 persons of all ages, altogether an area of 42,050 acres out of a total of perhaps 172,977." The book contains valuable information about social conditions, wages, living expenses, etc., in France during the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the eighteenth century.

W. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Some years ago the late Dr. Thomas Dwight, Parkman Professor of Anatomy at Harvard University, delivered a notable address on "The Church and Science," which is reprinted in the first number of the *Catholic Mind's* new volume. The author conclusively proves that if the world were "to throw aside the contributions to science made by sons of the Church, the clock of civilization would be set back." The second paper in the issue is Father Hull's satisfactory answer to a correspondent who is perplexed by the existence of evil in God's world, and the number concludes with Dr. Austin O'Malley's searching examination of "The Holes in Our Melting-Pot."

"The Reminiscences of the Right Hon. Lord O'Brien (of Kilfenora), Lord Chief Justice of Ireland" (Longmans, \$2.50), which his daughter, Hon. Georgina O'Brien, has edited and completed, deal largely with the agrarian troubles of the eighties and much of the book is taken up with accounts of the trial and conviction of the Fenians and Invincibles on whom "Peter the Packer," as the writer of these memoirs was called, passed sentence. As an upholder of British rule in Ireland, this Catholic judge was cordially hated by large sections of the population, but he was a stranger to fear. The chapters added by Lord O'Brien's daughter describe some of the more amiable traits of the Chief Justice's character.

"The Whale and the Grasshopper" (Little, Brown, \$1.35), the first of twenty fables, gives its title to Seumas O'Brien's latest book. It is difficult to determine whether the absurdities and delightful nonsense of the volume lend more charm than the common-sense philosophy and rare observation. Micus and Padna Dan have the speaking parts and regale each other with tales that only a Celtic imagination could invent. There are ghosts and banshees; there is the King of Spain and the Gaekwar of Persia advising Matty the Goat to commit suicide either in New York or Boston; while Shauno the Rover, impersonating Henry the Eighth, gambles away the army and the navy, together with Ireland, to the Shah of Sperrispazuka. Interspersed, are opinions on all conceivable topics. They are black misogynists, with little trust in friendship and a thorough hatred of England, exemplified by Cromwell and his ally from the lower regions. We suspect that Mr. O'Brien is not the jeerer at humanity that he sometimes wishes to appear, for the impression left by the book as a whole is happy and encourag-

ing. Its cleverness is beyond dispute, and proverbs and unexpected turns of thought sparkle from every page.

"The Pleasures of an Absentee Landlord" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.25), by Samuel McChord Crothers, is a sheaf of wise but whimsical essays, so characteristic of the genial New England author. Among the ten papers in the volume are "A Literary Clinic," which quaintly suggests a new cure for occupational diseases; "Protective Coloring in Education," which attempts to explain the tendency of infant and other prodigies to falter and fade away, just when the highest hopes are entertained of brilliant performances; "The Charm of Seventeenth Century Prose," a delightful study of the "Old Masters" now so sadly neglected; "The Strategy of Peace," a sane and sensible study of conditions on the Continent. It is hardly to be expected that all of Dr. Crothers' statements will pass unchallenged, seeing that he is not always to be taken seriously. However, the book is a desirable addition to one's collection of favorite essays.

"A Country Chronicle" (Century, \$1.50), by Grant Showerman, is regarded by its publishers as something unique in our literature. If we are not mistaken, some tales of Mark Twain are somewhat like it, while the "Real Diary of a Real Boy" is not altogether dissimilar. But the true value of the book does not consist in its claim to uniqueness. There is an undoubted pleasure that grows with the advance of the book. The chronicle is told by a boy of ten in a crisp and piquant style that almost hides its art by its naturalness. The boy relates no thrilling experiences, nor meets any remarkable people; he simply recounts with fidelity of detail all the observations and attractions of his own small world. The characters are of the narrow conventional farmer type from Down East unaffected by their life in the more open Middle West.

The Rev. F. W. Drake, the High Anglican author of "Masters of the Spiritual Life" (Longmans, \$1.00), expresses his keen regret at the wide misuse of the term "Protestant" in relation to the Church of England, for "the title does grave injury to the cause of Catholic reunion and progress, by obscuring the essential catholicity of a Church, which through all its movements of reform had never suffered any breach in the historic continuity of its apostolic ministry." It is not surprising to find an author who can sincerely hold such a proposition as that, serenely grouping William Law with such authentic "Masters" as St. Augustine, Juliana of Norwich, Thomas à Kempis, Lorenzo Scupoli, and St. Francis de Sales. "The Confessions," "The Revelations of Divine Love," "The Imitation of Christ," "The Spiritual Combat," "The Devout Life" and "A Serious Call" are the books discussed, and the author's appraisal of the Catholic ascetical writers is just and discerning. It is in his pages on the historical setting of the foregoing works that his Anglican bias appears.

Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Spain, Portugal and Italy are the "Seven Lands" (Doran) which Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, an Englishman commissioned to write for London and Paris papers, visited between the years 1871 and 1879. In his harvest of experiences and observations garnered forty-five years ago, there is much chaff mixed with the wheat. Interesting recollections of great historical personages such as the first German Emperor, Bismarck, Moltke and Francis Joseph are commingled with long dissertations on viticulture and vinification, strictures on the character and the government of the peoples visited, together with frequent historical inaccuracies and unpleasant insinuations. As is frequent in such writings, the Church suffers. For instance, the Jesuits "appropriate" colleges, and at the shrine of the Marizell Virgin there are the "usual cures, miraculous or reputed to be such, and the usual

consumption of candles." Altogether this medley of history and hearsay, so much of which is based on the flimsy foundations of "it is said," "I was told" and "people related in whispers," makes disappointing reading.

The four papers, or pamphlets, "Successful and Unsuccessful Marriages," by Louise Creighton; "Marriage," by Gemma Bailey; "Purity," by A. Herbert Gray, and "In Praise of Virginity," by Elma K. Paget, which have been contributed to the series entitled "Marriage and Morality" (Longmans, \$0.50), although not written for Catholics, will meet with the approval of most Catholics. Their viewpoint is the natural rather than the supernatural, but they are elevated in tone and motive, and set forth modestly and attractively sane principles of right thinking and right living. In two of the pamphlets it is insisted that celibacy as such is not a higher state than matrimony. This of course is incorrect, but except for this there is little in the series that a Catholic would not heartily indorse. The least satisfactory of the papers is the one "In Praise of Virginity." To us the religious life with vows is so actual, so present and so inspiring a part of the supernatural ideal, that it seems strange to find any one seriously setting out to prove, and this tentatively, that the state of virginity has a place in the Christian economy. To Catholics the praise given by the author will sound very faint indeed, especially as virginity is recommended not so much for its intrinsic excellence and its closer imitation of Christ as for the opportunity it gives for social service. It should be said, however, that the author was writing for those from whom the cloistered life has received at best but a frigid welcome.

Both in content and in form, *Studies* for December, 1916, deserves to be ranked among the foremost of our reviews. William Canon Barry opens the number with an article entitled, "Innocent III and Benedict XV, 1216-1916." After contrasting the position of Innocent in the Europe of the thirteenth century, when the Church, according to the Chronicle of Salimbene, "flourished and throve . . . holding the lordship over the Roman Empire, and over all the kings and princes of the whole world," with that of Benedict XV, a prisoner in the Vatican, the writer draws a splendid picture of Innocent and his times. After perusing the article, the reader will come to the conclusion that a Protestant Dean of St. Paul's, Milman, was not mistaken when he declared that in Innocent "might appear to be realized the churchman's highest conception of the Vicar of Christ." Canon Barry says that the studies of M. Achille Luchaire have more than justified that verdict. Writing of "Thomas Kettle," Professor Arthur E. Clery does not hesitate to say that he was probably the most brilliant mind of his generation in Ireland. Dr. Austin O'Malley describes "The Effects of the American Climate on the European Immigrant." The distinguished specialist holds that though in the United States the northern cities are overcrowded, "the center of population never can go below Annapolis in Maryland, because the white man cannot thrive in the South." Peter McBrien writes of another poet of the Insurrection: "Joseph Plunkett." After briefly sketching his adventurous life and describing his sincere, pure and noble character, Mr. O'Brien outlines the poetical gifts of this great Irishman. He tells us that: "In subject Plunkett's poems bear a strong resemblance to Francis Thompson's; in treatment his sonnets often remind one of Shakespeare's." Admirers of Father Benson will be delighted with the critical and thoughtful article of J. E. Canavan, S. J.: "The Theory of Life in Benson's Novels." Dr. James J. Walsh pays a deserved tribute to "Two Great Irish-Americans," Thomas M. Mulry, the apostle of charity in New York, and John B. Murphy, the eminent Catholic surgeon of Chicago, whose work puts him in the forefront of today's scientists.

EDUCATION

Without Its Julianne

WHEN I read Dr. Coakley's indictment of convent graduates I began all at once to feel extremely old. Surely, said I, several centuries must have elapsed between the generation of convent girls which I knew and that which has produced Julianne. A few years are not sufficient to have worked such a change. The comparison was conducive to retrospection, and I began to remember. First of all, I recalled the thrilling experience of "going away to school," a phrase laden with almost as much import as those other golden words, beloved of an earlier period, "going to seek one's fortune." It meant departing to a wonderful new world known as a convent, a place so much vaster than any house; it meant consorting with a multitude of stranger folk; and while this was not an unformidable prospect, it was, thanks to maternal tradition, not without its attractions.

THE FIRST IMPRESSIONS

HERE you were to be under the guidance of mysterious, Melchisedech-like beings called nuns, from whom you were to imbibe all manner of desirable knowledge. Then followed a series of formidable "firsts." There was the first meal in a refectory, which, for publicity, seemed very like dining in the street; the first night among strangers in a strange land; the first recreation, at which you made the acquaintance of that strange race known as "convent girls," and experienced a certain envy of the unceremonious ease of their intercourse and their exchange of what seemed a brilliant repartee. Most appalling of all was your first class, which brought you the sickening sensation of plumbing the abyss of your ignorance.

By degrees the newness wore off, and strange phenomena resulted. This house which seemed so vast shrank amazingly and class-rooms, corridors and chapel assumed proportions no bigger than any dwelling well known and dearly loved. Far from being an aloof and peculiar people, the nuns came to be your friends, loved with that admixture of veneration which constitutes the perfection of friendship. Presently you had discovered that you were no longer "a new pupil" but were yourself a full-fledged convent girl, treated by your companions with the delightful lack of ceremony which had at first stirred your envy. You had become a definite factor in this little world. You had "arrived."

A NEW WORLD

AND what a world it was, a veritable cosmos! The strange thing is that it did not conform in any particular to that in which Julianne has had her being. It was a healthful, happy place, in which every minute was accounted for by study and prayer and play. It had its ideals and its standards, its traditions and its code of honor, exalted, ardent, iron-clad, the natural result in the impressionable natures of children and growing girls of living under conditions conducive to the development of their best instincts. Certainly there was not a corner in it for Julianne. Its outlook was characterized by a certain almost "boyish" scorn of the things which Julianne seems to value; money, and frills and flowers as objects of personal adornment. Jewels were not visible from September to June, and as for cosmetics, it may have been a lack of charity which caused them to be associated with the dimly guessed at evil of the outer world. Furthermore, when you love every room within doors and every haunt without, it does not occur to you to consider whether a school is fashionable or not.

As for the citizens of this no mean city, they were of all descriptions, clever and stupid, serious and mischievous, and these, to their later great astonishment, were not the least dearly loved. Some of them were what is known as "diffi-

cult," and unquestionably there were some who even at that age walked with God a path which they have trod unflinchingly ever since.

NO PLACE FOR JULIANNE

BUT among them all, it is impossible to recognize Julianne. Neither is she in evidence on the graduation day, which followed close on unrelenting hard work. On this momentous occasion, the white attire was extreme in its simplicity, the graduates wore no jewels, and the only flowers were those used for the decoration of the room. The valedictory may not have settled any of the knotty questions of the day, but it was the indubitable production of one of the graduating class, and the valedictorian's only concern was lest her grief at having to pronounce this farewell should prevent her from acquitting herself creditably. The joyousness of the day had its tinge of sadness. The little group drew back a little from the opening gates and clung together in a last effort at union, with the prayer of the martyrs of Sebaste on their lips: "Forty have we entered the lists, let there be forty crowns."

IN AFTER YEARS

AND what of the years since then? Are the lives of convent girls, whether graduates or not, a dizzy round of "joy rides" and dances, theater parties and gossip? Does Dr. Coakley know no convent girls whose indisputable wealth is poured out for the sick and the poor? None of unassailable social position whose social duties are not allowed to mar the Catholic charm of their homes? Julianne cannot sew, but what of the poor churches whose wants are supplied by the hands of convent girls? Julianne does not visit the sick, but there have been hospitals founded by convent girls, many of them are visited daily by others, and hundreds of babies are baptized by them every year. Julianne neglects Holy Communion, but to thousands of convent girls it is their daily Bread. As for visiting the slums, that is a task for only the few, but I have in mind a convent girl of whom it is said that she can safely go into quarters of the city which even policemen patrol with trepidation.

AN UNREAL RECONSTRUCTION

"WHEN," asks Dr. Coakley, "will Catholic maidens and matrons learn that money is not synonymous with brains and that expensive clothes and jewels do not make a Catholic woman?" I have had unusual opportunities for observing the graduates of many convents who, at close grips with life, disclosed under trying circumstances their convent-bred Catholic womanhood, and proved the worth of their convent-trained brains. I have had opportunities for comparing them with the graduates of secular colleges and special schools, and in almost every instance the convent girls have been more alert, their knowledge more varied and deeply grounded, and the superiority of their work has demonstrated the value of a trained conscience and an ingrained sense of responsibility.

I must confess that to me there is something unreal about Dr. Coakley's convent girl. She has all the appearance of a creature reconstructed by a naturalist from a fossilized stray bone. One swallow does not make a summer, and one joy ride ought not to call forth Julianne.

THE INEVITABLE FEW

STILL I do not deny, much as I should like to, her existence. What I do deny is that she is a typical convent girl, or that she occurs with such frequency that it is fair to make her shortcomings the occasion of despair for future generations of Catholics. Moreover, if she does exist, she is scarcely to be blamed. We all know that no matter what the excellencies of a school, a certain percentage of its graduates will fall short

of the expectations set upon them. Likewise is it a matter of common knowledge set forth aphoristically by William Shakespeare that not all materials lend themselves to the fabrication of silk purses.

BLANCHE M. KELLY.

SOCIOLOGY

The Answer of the State Board of Charities

DATED December 13, 1916, and addressed to His Excellency, Governor Whitman, "The Answer of the State Board of Charities to the Report of Commissioner Charles H. Strong" was distributed in the last week of the old year. Characterized in the main by shrewd and sober reasoning based upon facts, the volume contrasts vividly with the far-fetched inferences and loose deductions set forth for the delight and consolation of New York's professional "uplifters" in the \$10,000 "Report" of Commissioner Strong. Considering the importance of the issues, as well as the boasted fairness of the press, one might have thought that by retrenching a daily column or two, usually devoted to scandal, the metropolitan press would have found some space for this notable "Answer." But the expectation was disappointed, for reasons fairly clear to most New Yorkers. In Manhattan, a "free press" is as extinct as the dodo.

THE BOARD AND PRIVATE INSTITUTIONS

WHATEVER the merits of this famous dispute, it must be remembered that beyond a general desire for peace, the private institutions of New York have no vital interest in the adjustment of any differences that may arise between the State Board and the City of New York. The institutions are not on trial now, and never were. They have been investigated from cellar to roof these many years, and are as open as the air to any visitor of reputable character. New York is familiar with them and with their work, and aside from the horde of social reformers either in possession of lucrative positions or in search of them, New York knows that the work of the institutions is beyond reproach. While their relations with the State Board have been generally harmonious, the institutions recognize no undying debt of gratitude to the Board, nor on the other hand, as must be said in fairness, has the Board ever conceived that its attitude towards the institutions was to be dictated by anything but a sense of justice. In the present Answer, the Board's contention is not to defend the institutions. Its essential purpose is to meet, fairly and squarely, the conclusions expressed in Mr. Strong's somewhat picturesque language, that the State Board did not know its job and was not doing it; that it lacked vision, perspective, and driving power; that, convicted on its own record, of these and similar high misdemeanors, it should be abolished to make way for a Board of three "paid," and six self-forgetting "experts." About the sacred offices of the three highly-salaried gentlemen, so argues the guileless Commissioner with simple, child-like faith, no vulgar political fight, such as those hatched in the wigwam on Fourteenth Street, or in loftier regions farther to the south, could ever rage. Like the venerable Mr. Dick on meeting Mr. Wilkins Micawber, Mr. Strong gushes like some grateful oasis, whenever he contemplates the spectacle of a paid Board, utterly raised above the sordidness and grime of "politics." "It has been my lot," observed Mr. Micawber, on a similar occasion, "to meet in the diversified panorama of human existence with an occasional oasis, but never with one so green, so gushing as the present."

THE BOARD'S OPINION OF THE INSTITUTIONS

WITH the legal questions involved in the Answer, the institutions are not directly concerned. With acute and direct argument the Answer shows that, to justify his sweeping indictment of the State Board, Mr. Strong was forced, first

to disregard, and then to advise the repeal of several sections of the city charter, touching the city's relation to the private institutions; and that the Board recommended by Mr. Strong is a creation nowhere contemplated either by the Constitution or by the courts in their interpretation of that document. The State Board has always held it a duty "to visit, inspect, and supervise the charitable institutions receiving public money"; but "never to control or manage them." In this, the Board differs radically from Mr. Strong, whose plans would put the institutions under the direct and intimate control of the State Board. As these institutions number more than 640, the possibilities, under Mr. Strong's recommendations, of organized relief for hungry patriots, becomes painfully obvious.

What is of particular interest is the opinion of the State Board on the general findings of the Strong Commission, as to conditions in the private institutions of the City of New York. In striking contrast to the cries raised by interested parties during the last twelve months, this non-partisan Board, composed of citizens at once representative, disinterested and capable, whose opinions are based both upon personal knowledge of the institutions and upon the reports of competent inspectors, expresses a conviction that the charitable institutions of the city and State "are a reasonable source of pride to the citizens of the Commonwealth." What manner of men are these twelve, that they thus set themselves against the conclusions of Mr. Charles H. Strong?

IS THE BOARD A COMPETENT WITNESS?

AMONG past members of the Board, pioneers shaping its traditions, are men like William Pryor Letchworth, Thomas M. Mulry and Hermann Ridder. Withdrawn from us, they yet speak by their deeds of pure, enlightened charity. The present Board numbers a former Attorney-General and Deputy-Attorney-General; a physician, the recipient of distinguished honors from State and national societies, who as the State's First Commissioner in Lunacy fostered the most advanced treatment of the mentally afflicted, and as Health Commissioner of the City of New York, secured from the legislature power to issue the city's first really effective public health regulations. Of the men of business who are members, one, formerly President of the Chamber of Commerce of Buffalo, "has long been identified with various civic and charitable organizations, among which, due to the endowment by his family, stands the great cancer laboratory of the State." No one can be ignorant of the fact that these lawyers, physicians, publicists and business men have been appointed to serve upon this unpaid Board solely because of their intelligent devotion to every worthy agency of social betterment. Nor are they mere figure-heads. Men of this class do not accept positions of trust to throw the responsibility upon others. During recent years, the Board has met on an average nine times annually, "and besides the full meetings of the Board, the members have met nearly every month in one or more Committees . . . and in addition, the individual members make special visits to institutions." They are well acquainted with the reports furnished by the Board's inspectors, "men and women of high character, . . . who have never been charged with lack of courage in the performance of duty, nor has it hitherto been alleged that they were not alert in its performance."

THE BOARD'S REPUTATION

THE standing of the State Board is known to all social workers. Mr. Strong himself, when President of the board of managers of the New York State Training School for Girls, "warmly thanked the State Board in letters, for the helpfulness of its supervision, and the assistance received by the managers from the reports of inspection transmitted to them." The value of the Board was further attested by the Horton Com-

mittee in its Report to the Legislature of 1916; by the Association of County Superintendents in 1915; by the Capital District Conference of Charities and Corrections, on March 31, 1916; and on November 16, 1916, shortly after the publication of the Strong Report, by the New York State Conference of Charities and Corrections. Whatever may be said to the contrary by subsidized journals and interested sociologists, the Board seems justified in concluding that "these three great organizations . . . must be accepted as competent to pass on the issues raised in the Report of Commissioner Strong, and all are in full accord with the State Board of Charities."

THE BOARD AND THE STRONG HEARINGS

THE State Board, therefore, has had the fullest opportunities of knowing the work of the private institutions, and has availed itself of these opportunities. Uninfluenced by motives of personal advantage, the Board regards the institutions as "a source of reasonable pride to the citizens of the Commonwealth." Nor should the following paragraph, which will find no place in any secular New York journal, be passed over unnoticed:

The effort of those making the complaint to establish the charge of negligence was unsuccessful, viewed from any angle, but it is interesting to note that the private charitable institutions, through their representatives, both managers and employees, signally disprove the allegations that they were maintained in an unfit condition. It was to be expected that they would resent the grave charges which had been so widely circulated in the public press through the agency of city officials and certain other persons, but the testimony from superintendents, teachers and subordinate employees familiar with conditions which existed in the institutions was conclusive that a most serious wrong had been done to the institutions attacked, and that the utterance of statements alleging that they were "a public scandal and disgrace," or "unfit for human habitation," was reprehensible and indicative of a deliberate attempt to destroy their usefulness. The institutions managed their own defense, and were able convincingly to disprove every really important charge against them . . . (Italics inserted.)

This sober judgment recorded by men of the highest repute in the community cannot be lightly brushed aside.

THE CITY'S TESTIMONY FOR THE INSTITUTIONS

INCIDENTALLY, the Answer cites convincingly a formal report made without thought of "testimony," covering the very period when, according to the findings of Commissioner Strong, seven out of thirty-four private institutions, "were little less than a public scandal and disgrace." The Report was quoted in the findings of the Department of Health of the City of New York, published February 5, 1916.

Some time ago we published in the *Bulletin* the results of a survey conducted by the Department of Health of homes for the aged located in this city. We have been asked whether a similar survey has, at any time, been made of homes for children. Such a survey was recently completed. It included a careful study of the plumbing, lighting, heating and ventilation of the institutions, cleanliness of the premises and of the inmates, a study of the diet, methods of cooking, character of clothing, care of the sick, etc.

The results of this rather searching survey are striking:

Altogether, the conditions disclosed by the survey were most satisfactory, and the institutions all showed great willingness to comply with the recommendations made by this Department.

An occasional appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober is not without its advantages.

SOME EXCEPTIONS

BUT it must not be thought that every conclusion reached in the Answer will commend itself thoroughly to all who have the truest social welfare of the community at heart. Thus it is by no means clear that the interests, either of the com-

munity or of the unfortunate individuals themselves, are best secured by recommending "for adult female delinquents, care in public institutions exclusively." Without abundant opportunities for religious care, little reform of a lasting nature may be hoped for, and under present conditions religion can expect scarcely more than a tolerated position in many public institutions. Nor is the wisdom of extending "the visitational power of the State Board" to institutions not in receipt of public funds, strikingly apparent. These questions, however, are reserved for future discussion. The point of present importance is, that Mr. Charles H. Strong, long a friend of interests hostile to the present status of the New York private homes of charity, after a hearing extending over a period of six months, has pronounced a decision adverse to the private institutions. By way of contrast the State Board, a constitutional body of the State of New York, composed of members whose ability and disinterestedness cannot be fairly questioned, declares in opposition to Mr. Strong, and with a knowledge based on years of personal experience, that the institutions "were able convincingly to disprove every really important charge against them."

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Price of Wisdom

IT appears that Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the East Indian esthete who has come to spread Oriental culture in the West, is willing to tell Americans what greedy "money-chasers" they are, provided they are ready to pay \$1.50 or \$2.50 for the tickets to his lectures. But he is much averse to scattering his wisdom gratis. For a certain New York minister whose burning passion is "uplift" and "reform" of every description, be it anarchistic, socialistic or Buddhist, recently invited Sir Rabindranath to enlighten his flock. "Delighted," the pundit answered. "My rates are \$500 a lecture." But that price was considered too high even for Indian poetry, especially since courses in "Christian" Socialism can now be had at a very reasonable figure.

Our Population

THE population of the United States and its possessions is rapidly assuming enormous proportions. In spite of the lessening tide of immigration the number of inhabitants has increased almost 2,000,000 during the last twelve months. According to statistics gathered by the Federal census bureau it was estimated at 113,309,285 at the end of last year as against 111,579,952 at its beginning. The population of the continental United States alone is given as 102,825,309. The largest State in the Union is New York with 10,366,778 inhabitants. Pennsylvania follows and Illinois is third on the list. No one can fail to see the enormous possibilities offered to the Catholic Church in this vast population. Radicals of every kind are zealously at work, preaching their destructive doctrines. Protestantism is organizing on a grand scale, erecting everywhere its social and religious institutions and making of our country the center of a mighty mission propaganda. It would be fatal for Catholics to overlook their opportunities. There should be no shirkers in the camp of Christ.

A Whirlwind Campaign

A CAMPAIGN for the promotion of genuinely Catholic interests has been undertaken by *Our Sunday Visitor*. The appeal sent forth to all its readers by this popular weekly deserves to meet with the heartiest response. The following is the proposition made by it:

* *Our Sunday Visitor* has about 2,000,000 readers. It goes

into about 400,000 Catholic, in addition to thousands of non-Catholic homes. Now, if 10,000 young men (which would be less than two per cent, to say the least, of our young men readers) would give fifty cents a week to us for ten weeks they would create a fund of \$50,000 to educate poor students for the priesthood, for our western and southern dioceses. If 10,000 young ladies would give twenty-five cents a week for ten weeks it would establish a fund of \$25,000 for the extension of our propaganda in the most needy places. If 5,000 married people (which would mean only about one per cent of our clientage) gave \$1.00 per week for ten weeks we would have \$50,000 to build a home mission seminary, which the Bishops of the South and West declare to be a necessity. If 200,000 school children gave one cent each for ten weeks we would have a fund of \$20,000 to take care of schools for the Mexicans. Now, divide all these contributions among, not the readers, but the families, into which our paper goes, and it would amount to less than four cents a week per family for ten weeks.

If this appeal, therefore, will be taken seriously its results will be such as to confer incalculable benefits upon the Church, while it will bring a blessing upon the parishes and homes that generously respond to it. More even than all this, it will be a profitable lesson teaching Catholics to realize the wonders that can be accomplished by them, at comparatively slight cost, if they will unite for any single purpose.

The Religious Press in Danger

A NEW and serious danger is threatening the national religious publications of our country. In addition to the high cost of paper and production they are facing, in common with secular national periodicals, a proposed legislation which would treble the cost of postage. A so-called "zone-bill" has been attached as a rider to the Annual Postal Appropriation Bill. The purpose of this clause is to substitute for "bulk postage," now carried at one cent a pound, a zone system for weekly and monthly periodicals that is to vary from one to six cents according to the distance. While secular publishers will vigorously protest to save their profits or to maintain the existence of their publications, the religious press is fighting for sacred interests which equally concern all its readers. Secular publishers are clamoring for a hearing before the bill is passed, and to this they have a full right. Thus the *Outlook* argues that an additional expense of at least \$50,000 for postage would be imposed upon it at a time when most of its contracts have been made with its subscribers for the ensuing year. But the case of the religious publication stands by itself. "With most of us it is not a question of profits," writes the National Religious Publishers' Association, which is fighting for Catholic, Protestant and Hebrew religious papers and periodicals. "It is a matter of life and death to an interest which, though seldom more than self-supporting, is of the highest value to the moral and religious life of the nation. We must protect without delay this form of religious education." The one urgent and practical step to be taken at the present moment is that every reader send without delay the following or a similar letter to his Congressman and Senator:

The "zone system" of rates for second-class matter, as contemplated in the Post Office Appropriation Bill, if applied to national religious periodicals, Catholic, Protestant and Hebrew, would practically amount to their suppression, though no such consequence was of course designed in a measure framed to increase postal revenue. You are urged to use your utmost endeavor to secure such amendment as may avert this calamity.

The bill is at present in the hands of the Rules Committee of the House of Representatives. The members of this Committee must likewise be approached. They are Robert Lee Henry, Chairman; Edward Pou, Finis J. Garrett, Martin D. Foster, James C. Cantrill, Byron P. Harrison, Thomas G. Patton, Philip P. Campbell, Irvine L. Lenroot, William S. Bennett and Burnett M. Chipfield.